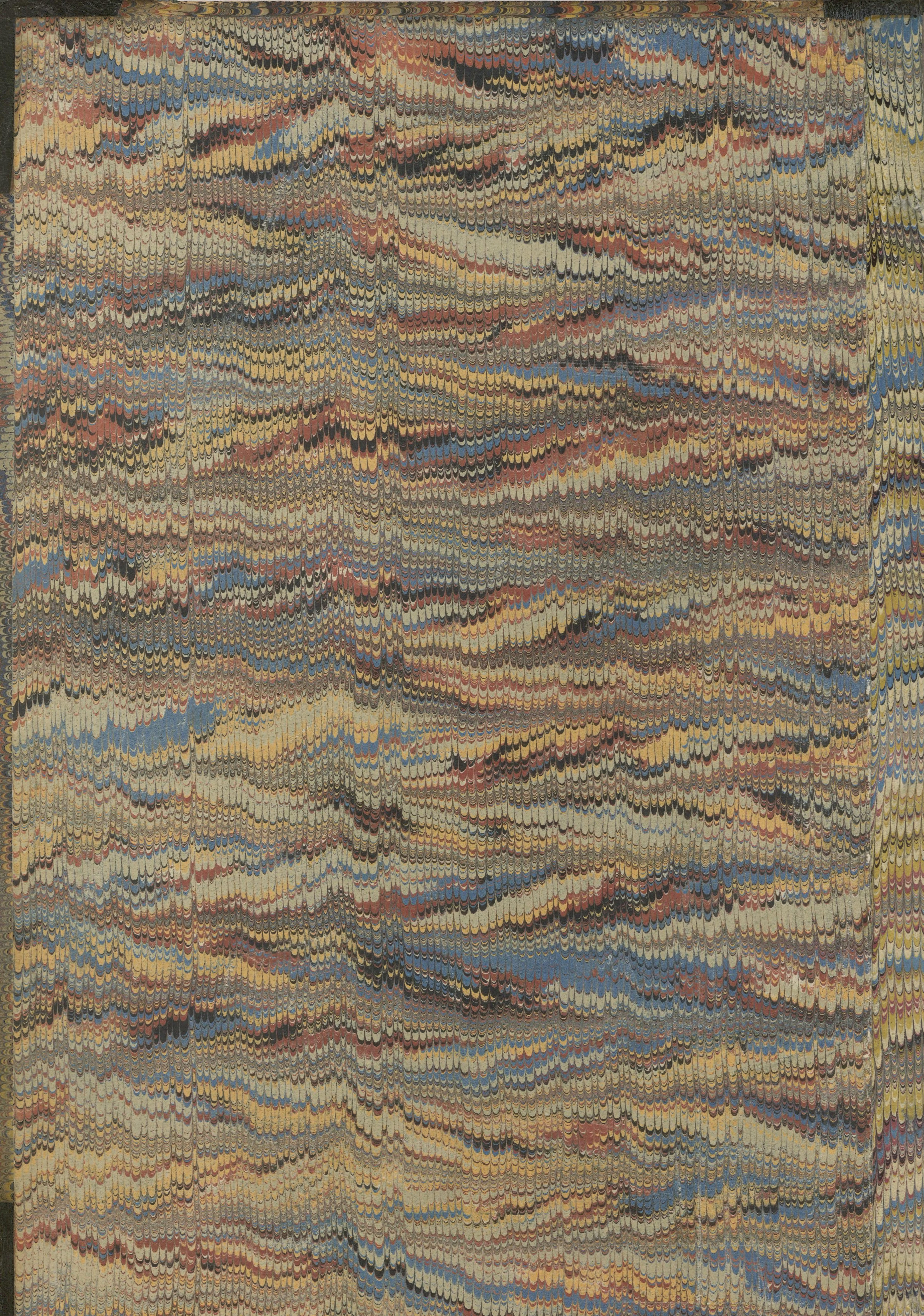
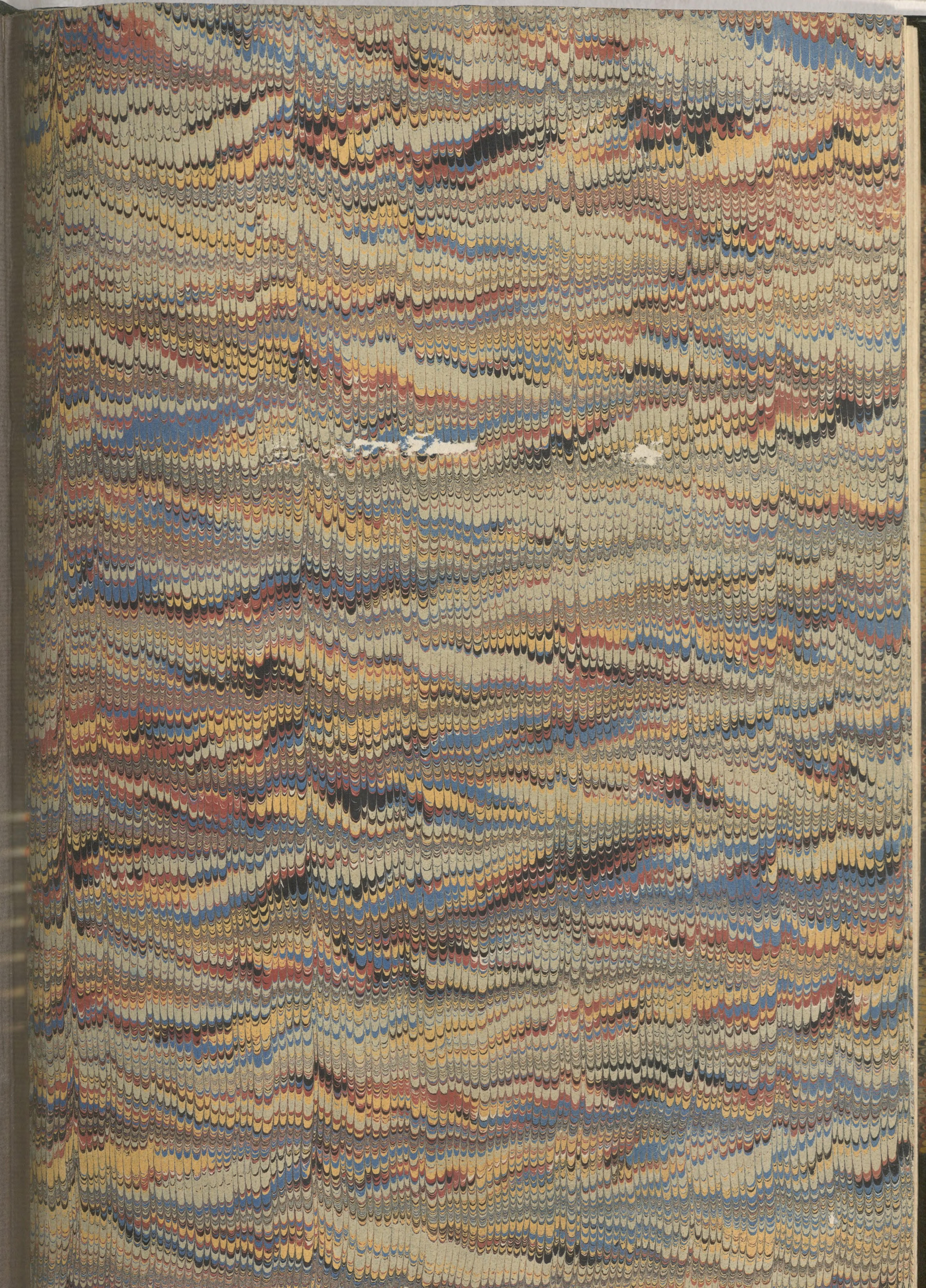
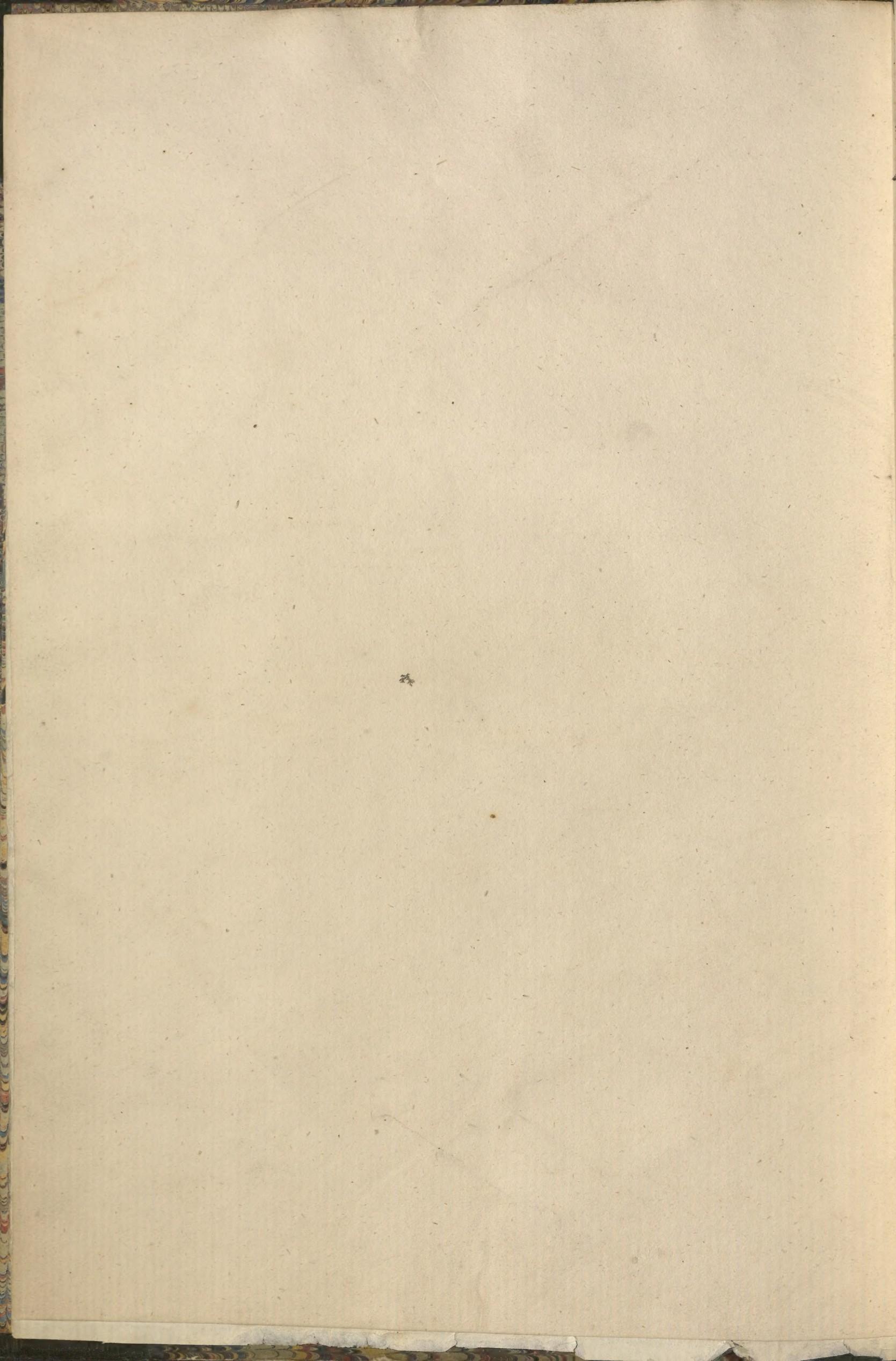


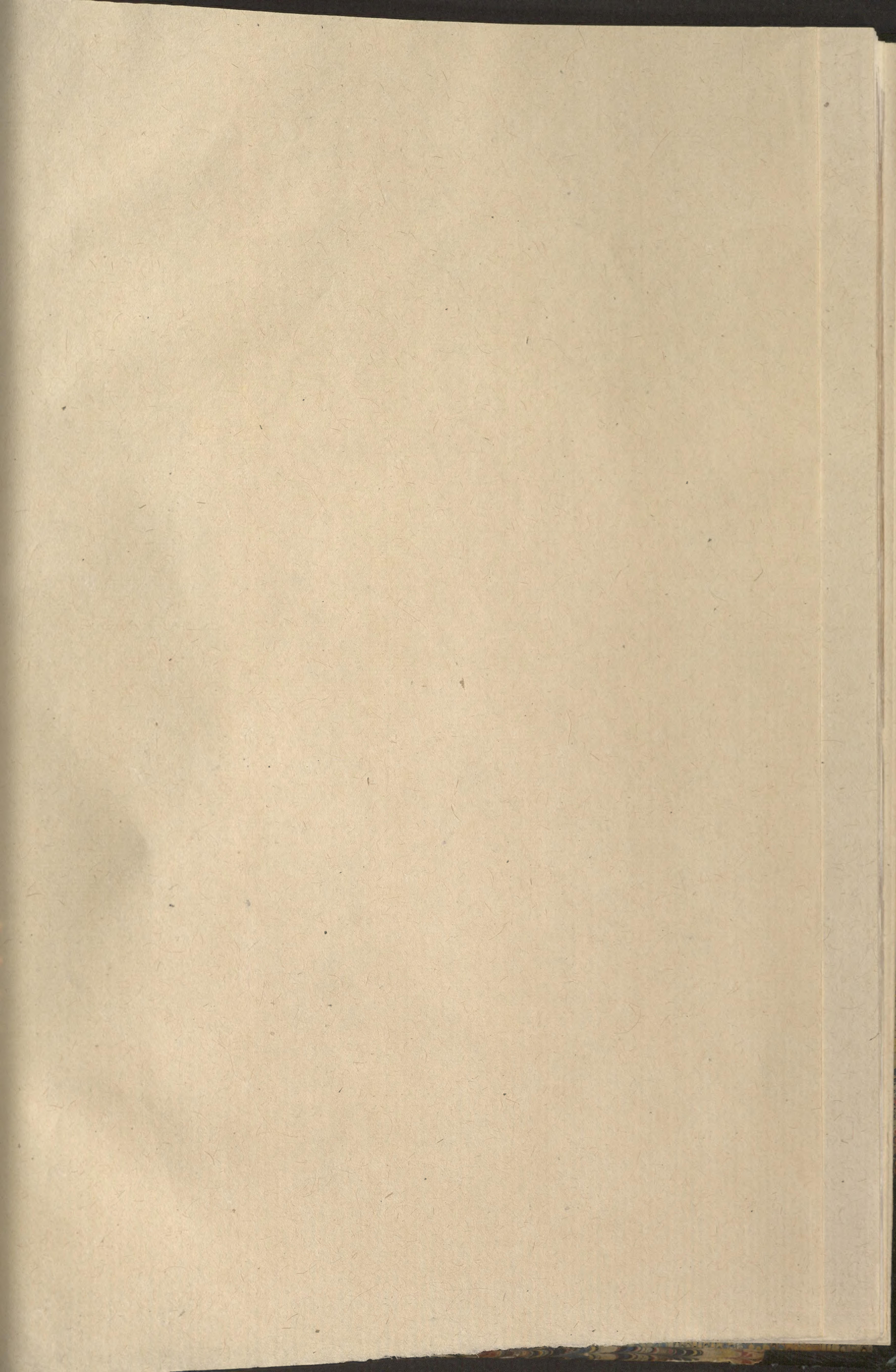
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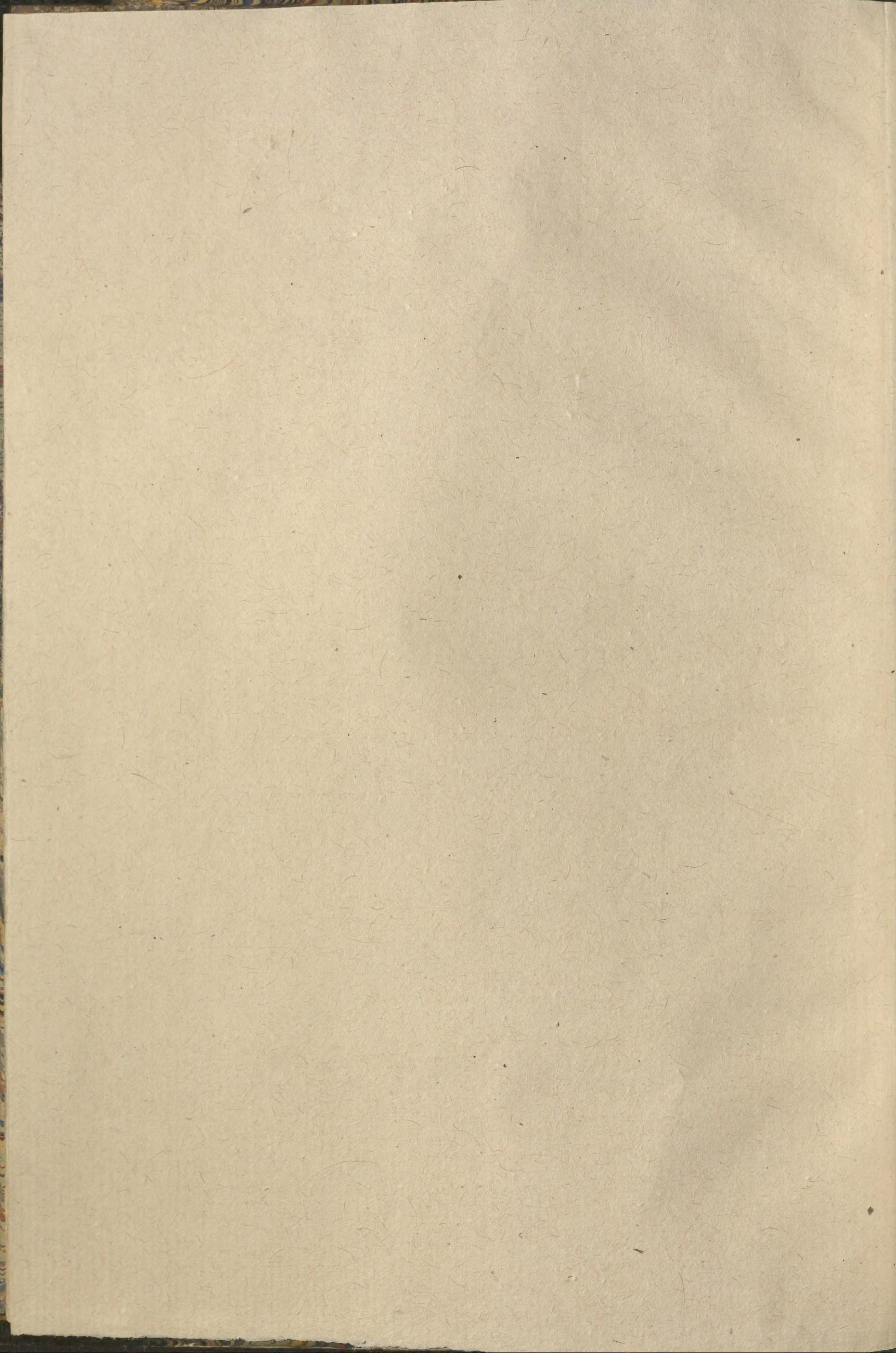


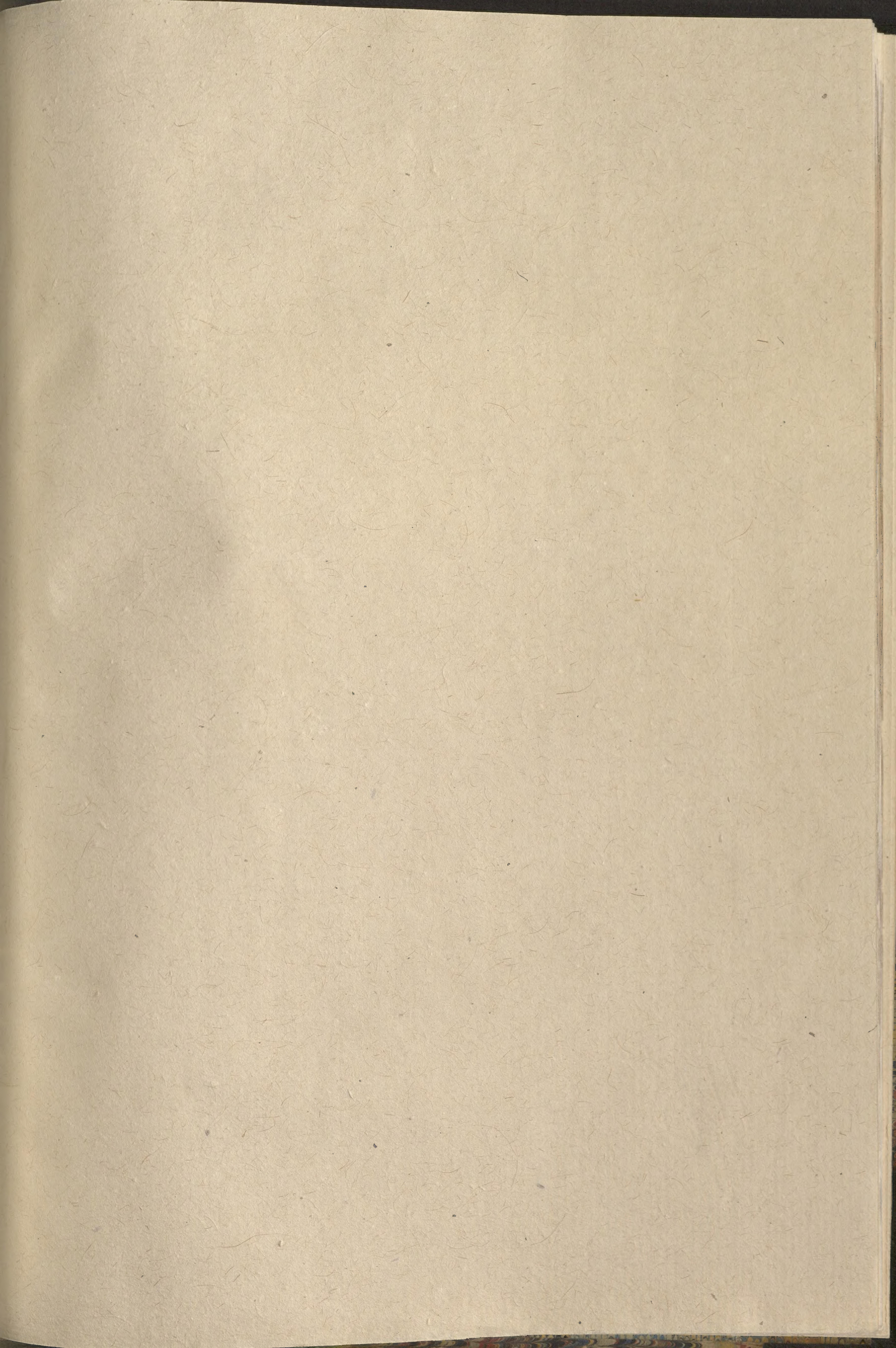


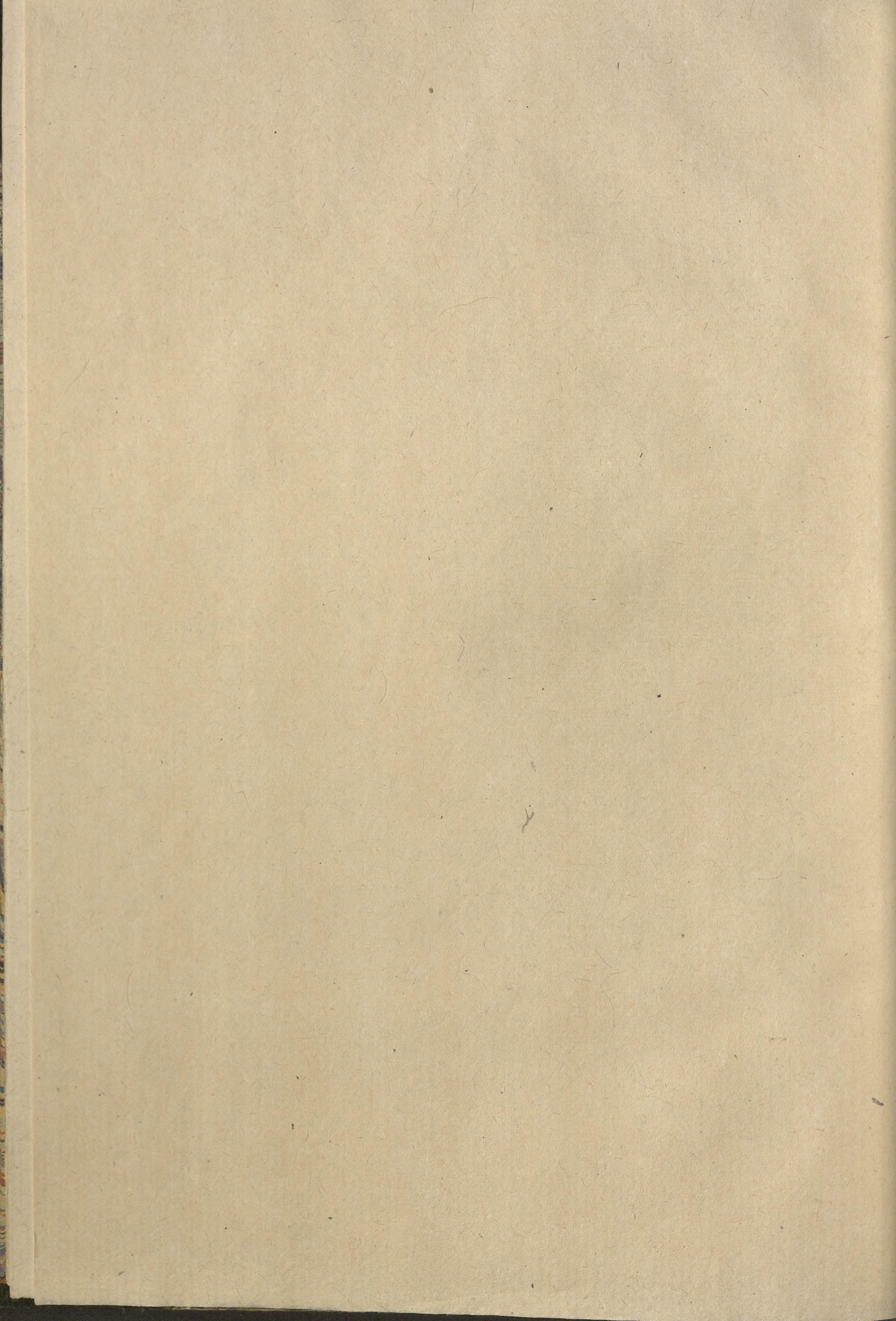


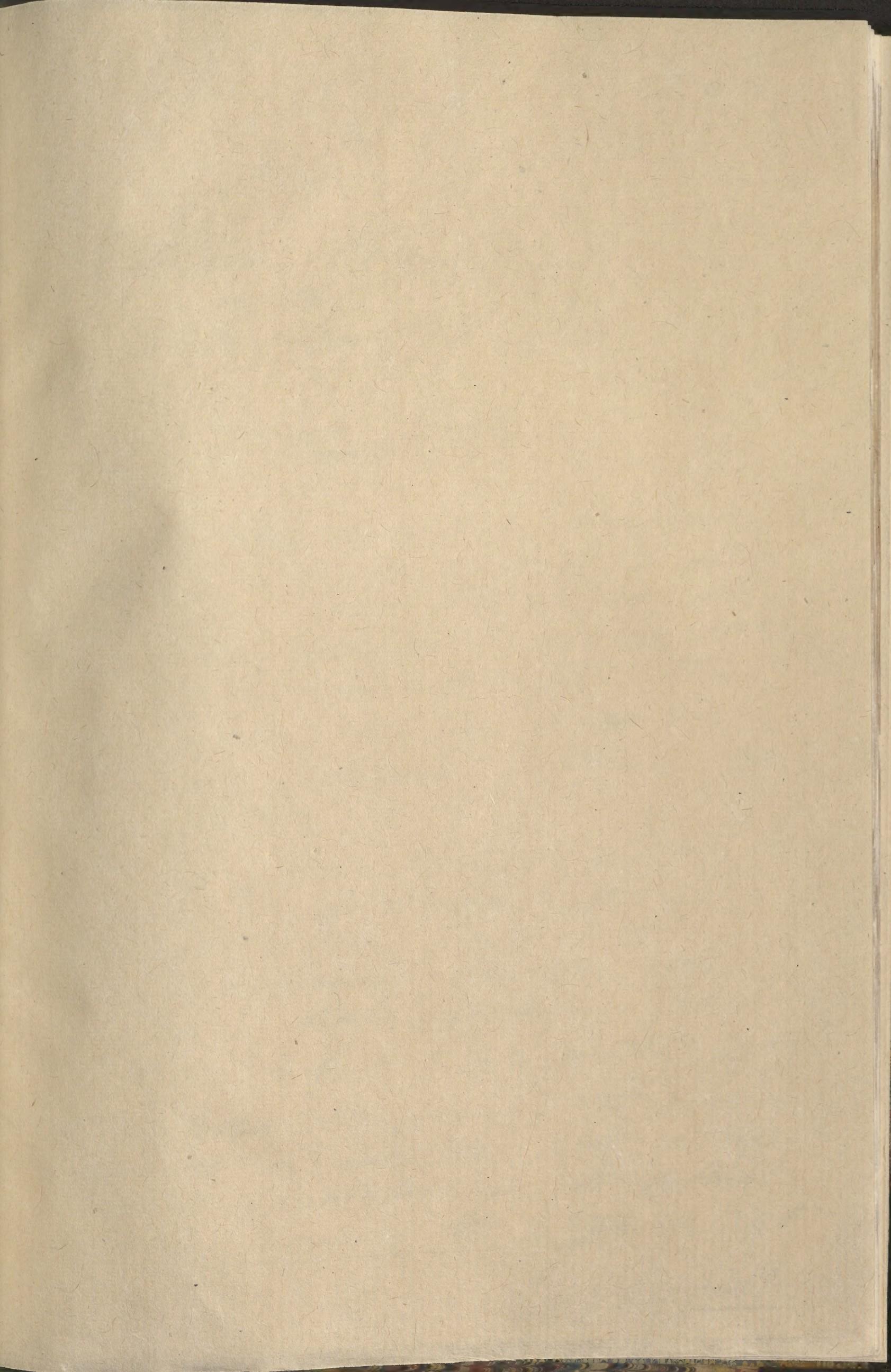


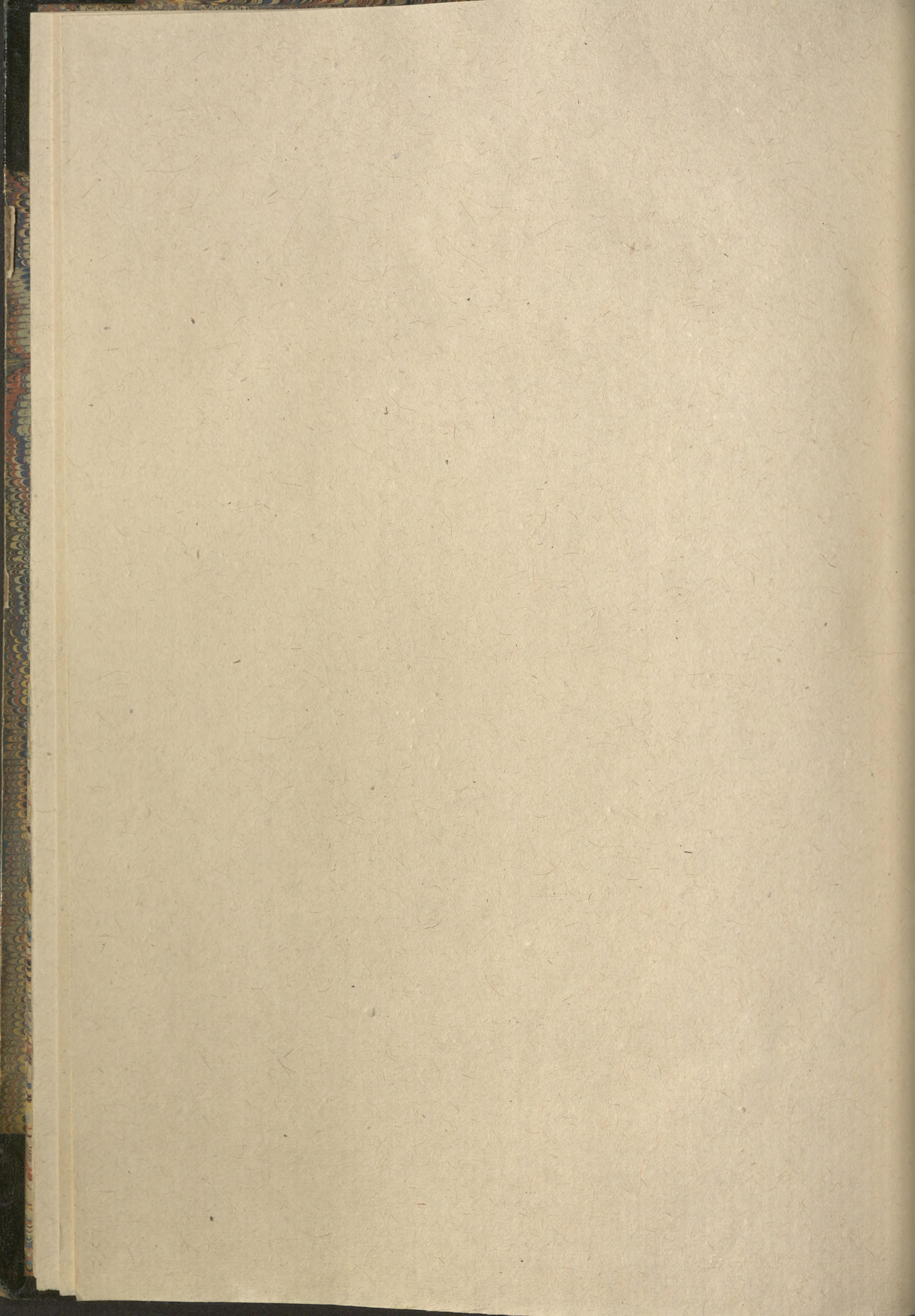












Ultimum Vale
 or the
 Third Book of Ayres
 By
Robert Jones

I believe this book to be unique.
 The title is not mentioned in any
 Bibliographical work nor in any of
 the collector's catalogues. Jones's works
 are all of the greater rarity - the
 titles are thus recorded in ~~in~~ a
 single sheet catalogue published by
 Thomas Este

"Jones' first Booke fol.
 Jones' second Booke fol.
 Jones' Ultimum Vale - fol.
 Jones' Musical Dreame fol.
 Jones' Muses Garden fol.
 Jones' 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 parts 4th"

Robert Jones was probably the person
 alluded to, in connection with a singular
 Theatrical speculation, in Mr Collier's
 valuable Annals of the Stage 1, 395

Edw. F. Bincraft

1.000.000.000.000
1.000.000.000.000

TO THE GREAT HOPE OF PRESENT AN

Times, HENRIE Prince of Wales, Duke of ...

Earle of the Countie Palatine of Chester, Knight of the Honourable Order of
the Garter, Heyre Apparant to the Realmes of England,
Scotland, France and Ireland.

Most Excellent Prince, The strength of our Art, (if should
say, the weakenes,) cannot endure the force of Soueraigne
Vertue come neare it, we may, as neare as to you, your
Eares wil yet beare to deale with soundes, though not to
dwell there, yet to passe by them, and by them to learn to tune
senses in a riper age. Almost all our knowledge is drawne through the
senses, they are the Soules Intelligencers, whereby she passeth into the world,
and the world into her, and amongst all of them, there is none so learned, as
the eare, none hath obtained so excellent an Art, so delicate, so abstruse,
so spirituall, that it catcheth vp wilde soundes in the Aire, and bringes them
under a gouernement not to be expressed, but done, and done by no skill but
it owne. There is Musicke in all thinges, but euery man cannot finde it out,
because of his owne iarring, hee must haue a harmony in himselfe, that shold
goe about it, and then he is in a good way, as he that hath a good eare, is in a
good forwardnes to our facultie. Conceite is but a well tunde fancy, done in
time and place. An excellent sentence, is but a well tunde reason well knit
together, Politie or the subiect therof, a Common wealth, is but a well tunde
Song where all partes doe agree, and meete together, with full consent and
harmony, one seruing other, and euery one themselues in the same labour.
But now I intrude into your Art, in which all pray (and see hopes) that God
will giue you a godly and prosperous knowledge, and then all other Artes
shal prosper vnder it. Our gracious Soueraign (Your Highnes dear Father)
hath warmed and comforted some great professions already, such little ones
as this, looke for it, and beg it of you, your princely nature promiseth it, which
makes my boldnes hope for pardon; Vouchsafe me (most excellent Prince)
your Protection, whome you allow, all others will commend, their censures
wait vpon your liking, that otherwise wold despise me. Euen your name in the
forefront is a charme for malitious tongus. Thus praying, that your Highnes
may alwayes haue an eare able to endure and distinguish, the sound of truth,
I kneele at your Highnes feet.

Your Highnes in all humble
dutie and seruice

ROBERT

JONES

1795.0.2.5844.01
1795.0.2.5844.02
347

To the silent Hearer.



He kinde Applause wherewith I haue beene rewar
in my former Ayres, by such Gentlemen as carie
by the eare, & are not other mens Echoes; hath no
third time giuen me heart from them to hope so
like in these which I haue composed, euent to shew
gratitude towardes them, I know euery Father is parciall one
issue of his body, and hauing his iudgement corrupted by his
son, is wont to speake his Childrens prayses, according to his ow
sires, rather then their deserts. It may be, I haue thus overlooked
issue of my braine, wherefore, I will onely commend my purpe
make this last my best, expecting to reade the truth of my selfe
thy report. And because I am not ignorant enough, to bee ge
taxed by any of our cunning Maisters, nor bigge enough to be
tered or enuyed, I hope I shall not be driuen to enquire out my
mies, to heare of my faults, nor to bespeak my friendes fauour
howsoever I am set in an vnderfortune, that hath need offri
yet if my workes cannot iustifie me, my wordes shall not, I had
dye a begger, then liue a boaster : what skill, time, and my con
practise hath giuen me, here I gladly impart to euery wel-will
grauntes me but acceptance for my paines, And so I com
selfe to thy censure, Farewell.

Robert Jones.



A TABLE CONTAI-

ning all the Songs in this
BOOKE.

- 1 Doe not, O do not prize thy beautie.
- 2 Beautie sate bathing by a spring.
- 3 Goe to bed sweete Muze, take thy rest.
- 4 Shall I looke to ease my grieve.
- 5 What fff sped where I least expected.
- 6 Sweete if you like and loue me still.
- 7 Sease troubled thoughts to sigh.
- 8 Scinthia Queene of Seas and Lands.
- 9 Blamen not my cheekes.
- 10 There is a Garden in her face.
- 11 Sweete Loue my onely Treasure.
- 12 Thinkst thou Kate to put me downe.
- 13 When will the fountaine of my teares be drye.
- 14 Flye from the world.
- 15 Happy he who to sweete home retirde.

These following are for 2. Trebles.

- 16 Disdaine that so doth fill me.
- 17 Now let her change and spare not.
- 18 Since iust disdaine began to rise.
- 19 At her fayre hands how haue I grace intreated.
- 20 Oft haue I muz de the cause to finde.
- 21 Now haue I learned with much ado at last.



To the silent Hearer.

The kinde Applause wherewith I haue beene rewarded in my former Ayres, by such Gentlemen as can iudge, by the eare, & are not other mens Echoes, hath now this third time giuen me heart from them to hope for the like in these which I haue composed, euен to shew my gratitude towardes them, I know euery Father is pariall ouer the issue of his body, and hauing his iudgement corrupted by his affection, is wont to speake his Childrens prayses, according to his own desires, rather then their deserts. It may be, I haue thus overlooked this issue of my braine, wherefore, I will onely commend my purpose, to make this last my best, expecting to reade the truth of my selfe out of thy report. And because I am not ignorant enough, to bee grossly taxed by any of our cunning Maisters, nor bigge enough to be flattered or enuyed, I hope I shall not be driuen to enquire out my enemies, to heare of my faults, nor to bespeak my friendes fauours. For howsoeuer I am set in an vnderfortune, that hath need of friendship, yet if my workes cannot iustifie me, my wordes shall not, I had rather dye a begger, then liue a boaster: what skill, time, and my continuall practise hath giuen me, here I gladly impart to euery wel-willer, that grauntes me but acceptance for my paines, And so I commit my selfe to thy censure, Farewell.

Robert Jones.





A TABLE CONTAI-

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- 20 Oft haue I muz de the cause to finde.
- 21 Now haue Ilearnd with much adoo at last.

CANTVS.

I.

Robert Jones.



Oe not, O doe not prize thy beauty at too high a rate,
Loue to be lou'd whilst thou art louely, least thou loue too late,

F F F F F F
 a d c a b c
 a a a a b b
 c c c a a a
 a c c c c a
 a c c c c a

F F F F F F
 a d c a b c
 a a a a b b
 c c c a a a
 a c c c c a
 a c c c c a

Frownes print wricles in thy browes, a: which spightfull age doth smile, women in their

F F F F F F
 a c d c a f h
 a d b a e f f
 c a a c f f
 a c c d a a
 a c c c c e

F F F F F F
 a c d c a f h
 a d b a e f f
 c a a c f f
 a c c d a a
 a c c c c e

foward vowes, glory-ing to be-guile.

F F F F F F
 a c b a a a
 a d b f f c c
 a a a a a a
 a c d a c a
 a : : : :

2
Wert thou the onely worlds admired, thou canst loue but one,
And many haue before beene lou'd, thou art not lou'd alone.

Couldst thou speake with heauenly grace,

Sapho might with thee compare.

Blush the Roses in thy face,

Rozamond was as faire.

3
Pride is the canker that consumeth beautie in her prime,
They that delight in long debating feele the curse of time,

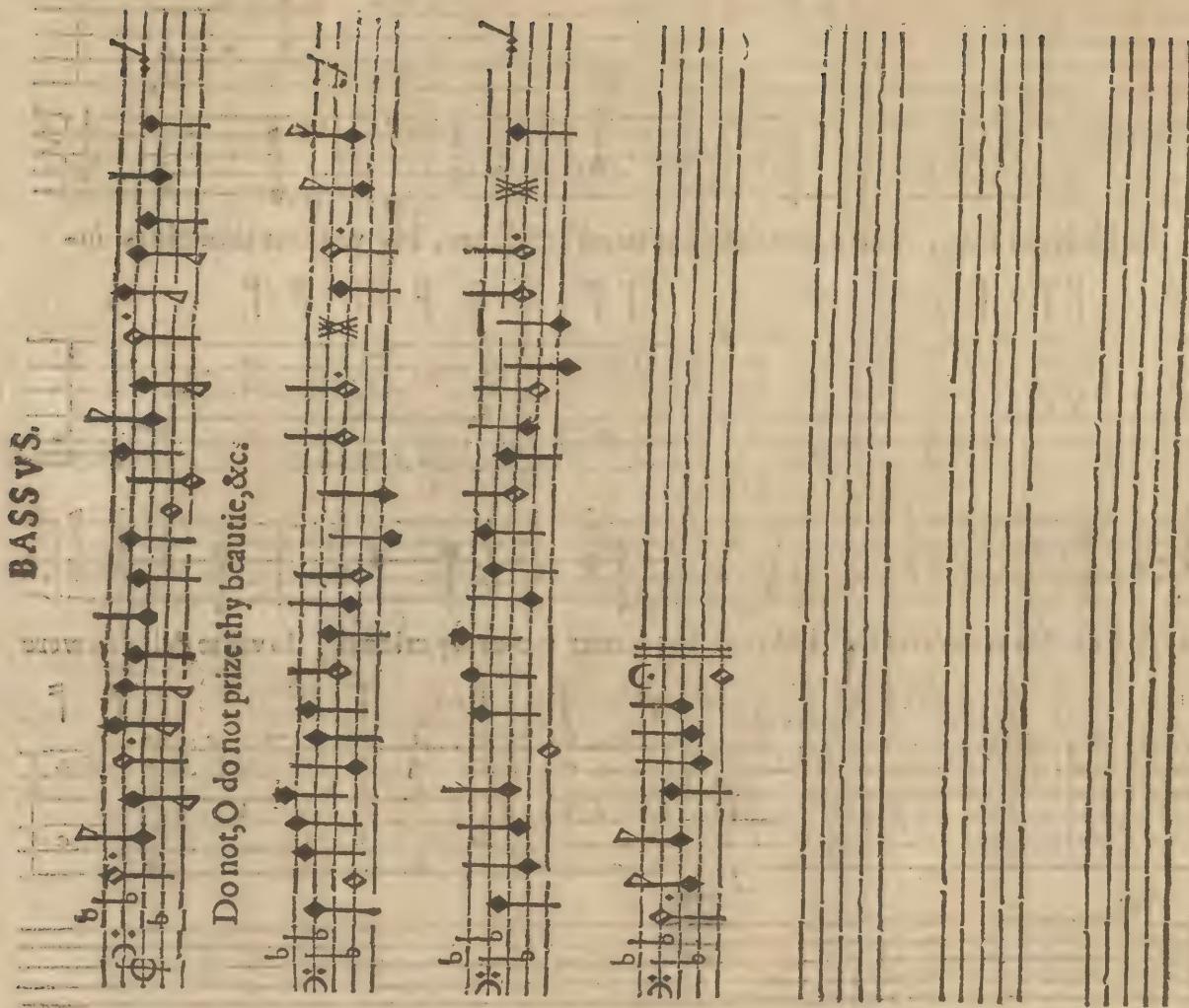
All things with the time do change,

That will not the time obey,

Some euent to themselues seeme strange,

Thorowe their owne delay.

BASSVS.



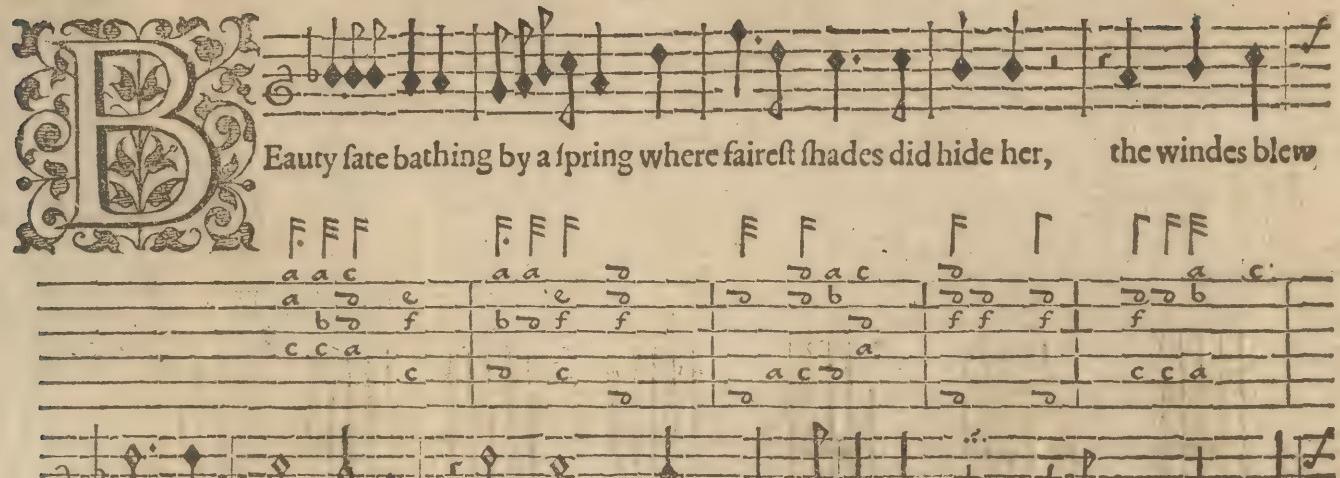
Do not, O do not prize thy beautie, &c.

B. 2

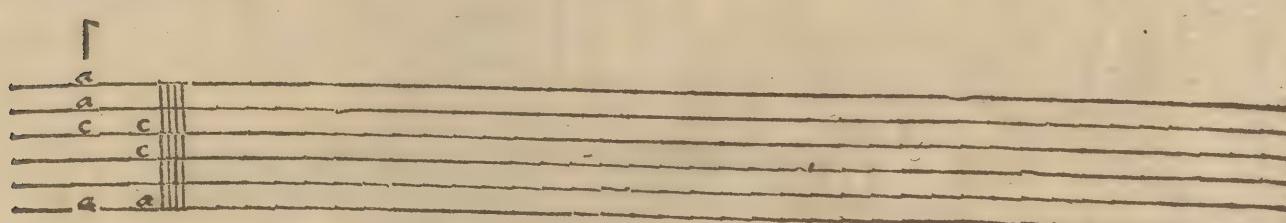
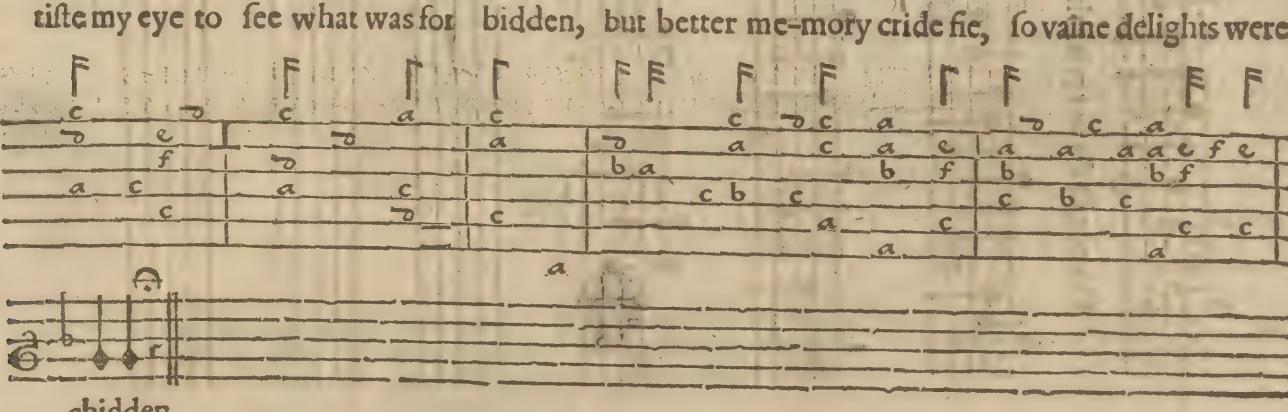
CANTVS.

Robert Jones.

II.

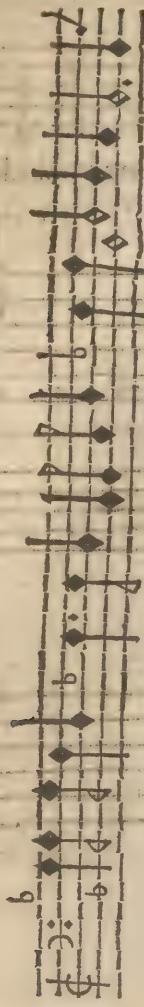


calme, the birds did sing, The coole streames ranne beside her, My wanton thoughts in-

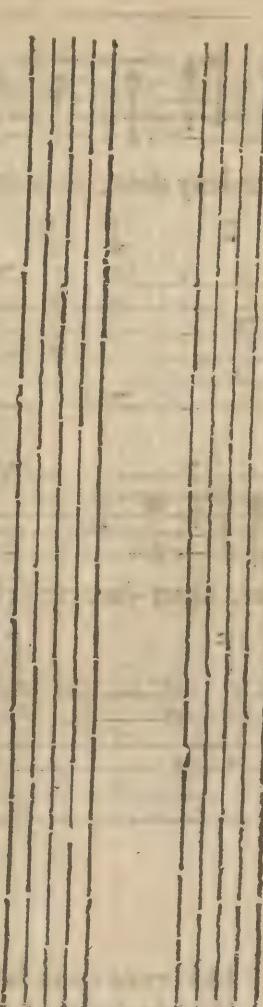
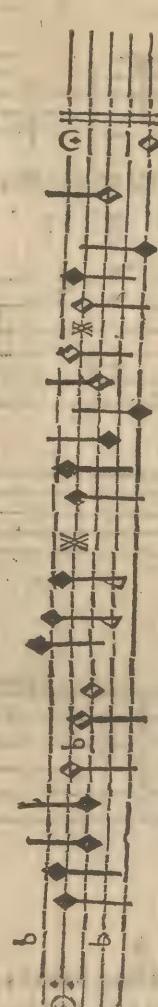
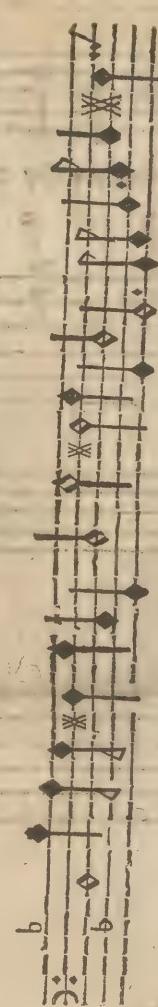


2 Into a slumber then I fell,
But fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.
But cuen as babes in dreames do smile
And sometime fall aweeping:
So I awakt as wise the while
As when I fell asleeping.

BASSYS.



Beauty faire bathing, &c.

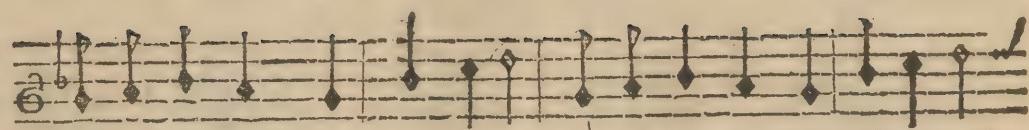


c

CANTVS.

III.

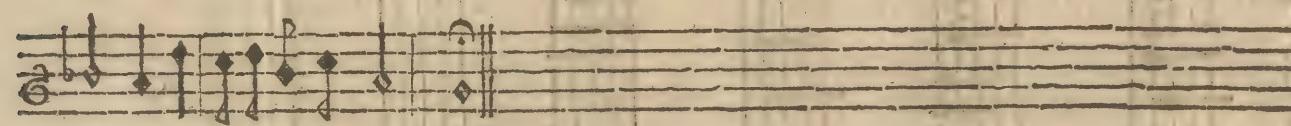
Robert Jones.



Oe to bed sweete Muze take thy rest, Let not thy soule bee so opprest



Though shee deny thee, shee doth but trie thee, whether thy mind will euer proue vnkinde:



O loue is but a bitter-sweete Iest.

²
Muze not vpon her smiling lookes,
Thinke that they are but baited hooke,
Loue is a fancy,
Loue is a Franzy,
Let not a toy,
Then breed thee such annoy,
But leauue to looke vpon such fond booke.

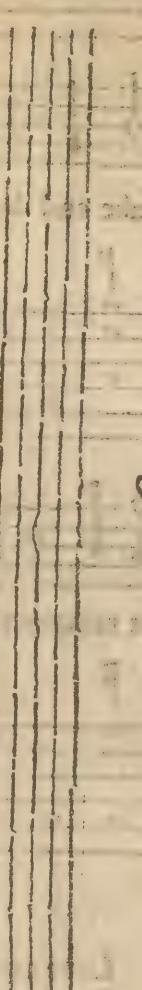
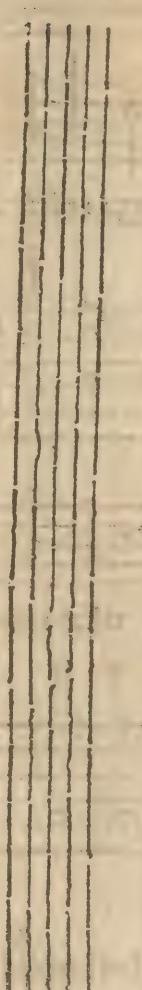
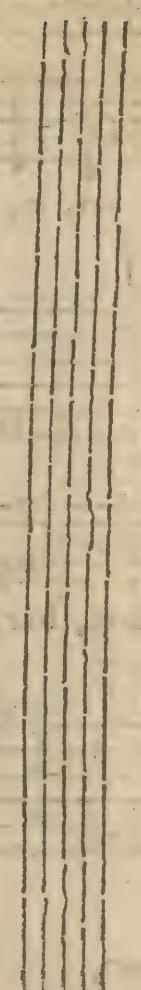
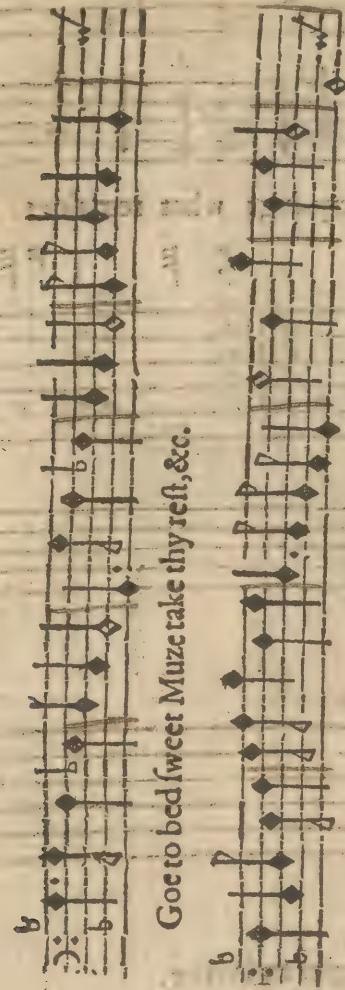
³
Learne to forget such idle toyes,
Fitter for youthes, and youthfull boyes,
Let not one sweete simile
Thy true loue beguile,
Let not a frowne
For euer cast thee downe,
Then sleepe and go to bed in these ioyes.

Roger L'Amour

CATHARINE

BASSVS.

Go to bed sweet Muzetake thy rest, &c.



C₂

CANTVS.

Robert Jones,

III.



Loue and I of late did part,
But the boy my peace enuying,
Like a Parthian threw his dart
Backward, and did wound me flying:
What remaines but onely dying.

Shall I trye her thoughts and write,
No, I haue no meanes of trying:
If I should yet at first sight
She would answere with denying.
What remaines but onely dying.

3

She whome then I looked on,
My remembrance beautifying
Stayes with me, though I am gone,
Gone, and at her mercy lying.
What remaines but onely dying.

5

Thus my vitall breath doth waste,
And my bloud with sorrow drying,
Sighes and teares, make life to last
For a while, their place supplying,
What remaines but onely dying.

BASSVS.



D

CANTVS.

Robert Jones.



10

For time & I do meane to try what hope doth lye in youth,
The minds that doubt are in & out, & women flout at truth: Fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la

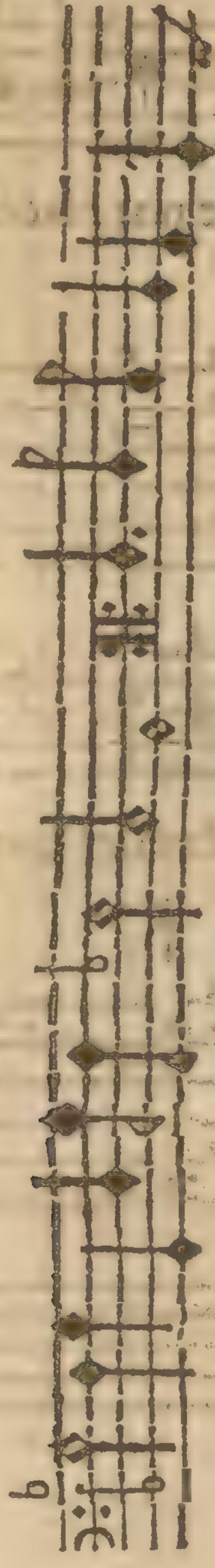
2 She whome aboue the skies I renowned, she whome I loued, shee,
Can she leauue all in leathe drowned, can she be cov to me?

Her passions are but cold:,
She stands and doth beholde,
She retaines her lookes estrangde,
As if heauen and earth were changde.
I speake she heares,
I touch, she feares,
Herein appeares her wit,fa la la:
I catch, she flies,
I hold she cries,
And still denies, and yet fa la la.

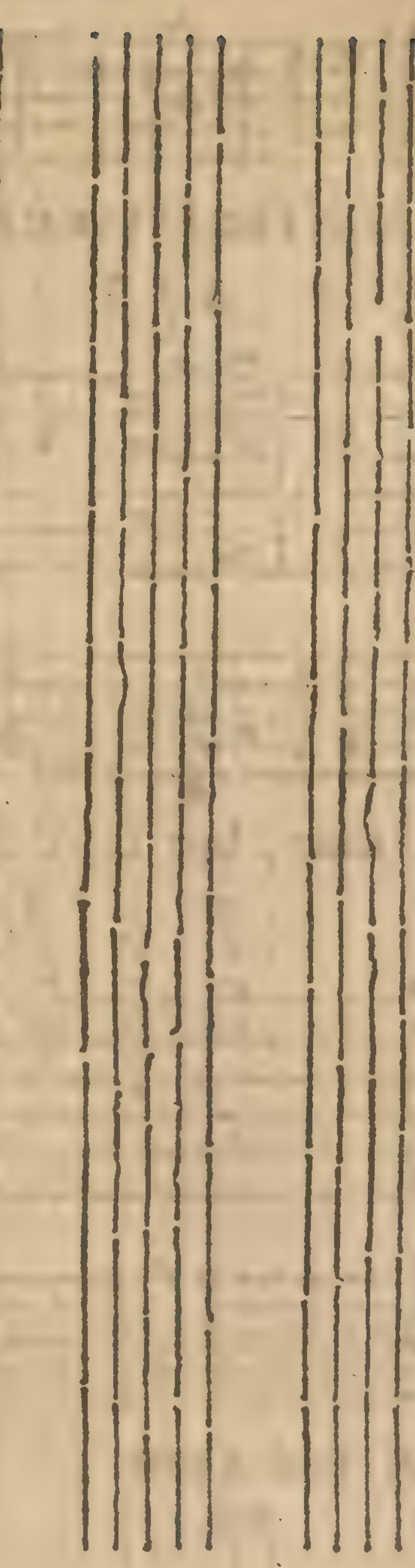
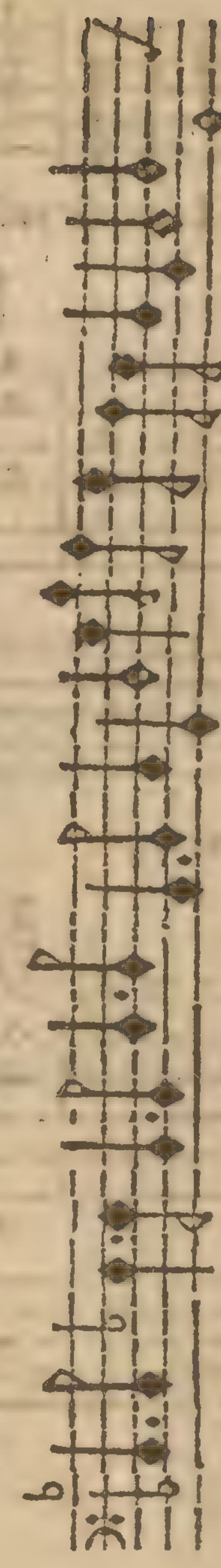
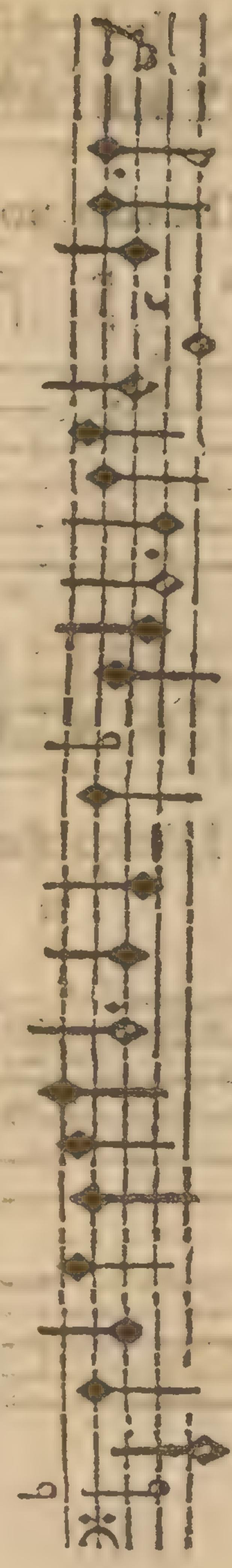
3 May not a wanton looke like a woman, tell me the reason why?
And if a blinde man chance of a birdes nest, must he be pradling? fyc;

What mortall strength can keepe,
That's got as in a sleeper?
The felony is his
That brags of a stolne kis:
For when we met,
Both in a net,
That Vulcan set, were hid, fa la la la.
And so god wot
We did it not,
Or else forgot we did. Fa la la la.

DASSVS.



What if I sped where I least expected, &c.



D 2

CANTVS.

Robert Jones.

VI.



Weet if you like & loue me stil, And yeeld me loue for my good wil,
And do not frō your promise start, whē your fair hād gauē me your hart.

If dear to you I be, As you are dear to me, then yours I am, & wil be euer, no time nor place my

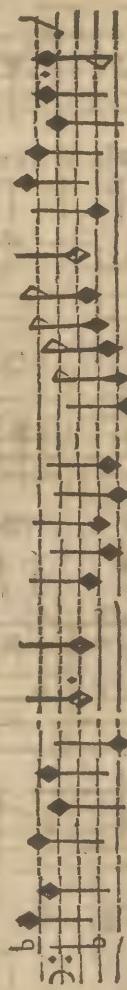
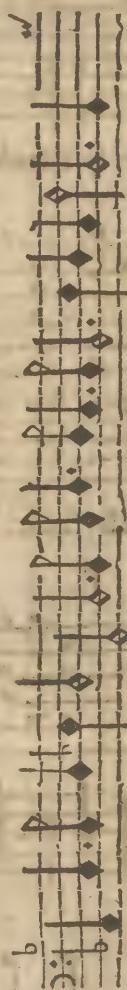
loue shall seuer, but faithfull still I will per-se-ver , Like constant Marble stone,

Loving but you alone.

But if you fauour moe then one,
(Who loues thee still, and none but thee,))
If others do the haruest gaine,
That's due to me for all my paine:
 Yet that you loue to range,
 And oft to chop and change.
Then get you some new fangled mate:
My doting loue shall turne to hate,
Esteeming you (though too too late)
 Not worth a peble stonc,
 Louing not me alone.

BASS VIOLIN

Sweete if you loue and like me still, &c.



E

CANTVS.

Robert Jones.

VII.



Ease troubled thoughtes to sigh, to sigh, or sigh your selues to death,

or kindle not my griefe, or coole it with your breath: Let not that spirit which made me lie

A handwritten musical score for two voices. The top staff consists of ten measures, each starting with a capital letter (F, F, F, F, F, F, F, F, F, F) and ending with a vertical bar. The lyrics are in English: "I am a poor old man, I have no home or money". The bottom staff has ten measures, each starting with a lowercase letter (a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a) and ending with a vertical bar. The lyrics are in German: "Ich bin ein armer alter Mann, ich habe kein Zuhause oder Geld". The notes are represented by vertical stems with horizontal dashes, and rests are indicated by vertical stems with diagonal dashes.

Secke thus vntimely to deprive mee of my life vnequall strife, that breath which

gaue mee beeing should hasten mee to dying, .ii.

hasten me to dying.

Cease melting tears to streme, stop your vncessant course,
Which to my sorrowes childe are like a fruitfull Nurse,
From whence death liuing, comfort drawes,
And I my selfe appeare the cause

Of all my woe,
But tis not so;
For she whose beautie won mee,
By falsehood hath yndone mee.

BASSVS.



Eafe troubled thoughts .ii. to sigh, or sigh,

your selues to death, or kindle not my griefe , or coole

it with your breath: Let not that spirit which made me liue,

seeke thus vntimely to depriue me of my life, vnequall strife

that breath which gaue me being, which gave mee bee-

ing, should haften mee to dying, to dying, should

to dying, should haften me to dying.

C. vng, shoulde haften me to dying. ii. to dying.

Vntrimely to depriue mee of my life, vnequall strife, that breath whiche gaue mee bee-
ing, shoulde haften me to dying. ii. to dying.

Eafe troubled thoughts to sigh, to sigh, or sigh your selues to death, to death, or kindle
not my griefe, or coole it with your breath, or. ii. let not that spirit which made me liue, seeke thus
vntimely to depriue me of my life, vnequall strife, that breath which gaue me being, which gave mee bee-
ing, should haften mee to dying, to dying, should to dying, should haften me to dying.

ALTVS.

Eafe troubled thoughts to sigh, to sigh, or sigh your selues to death, to death, or kindle not
my griefe, or coole it with your breath, with your breath, .ii.

Let not that spirit which made
me liue seeke thus vntimely to depriue me of my life, vnequall strife, that breath which gaue me
being, .ii. being, should haften me to dying ii.

TENOR.

Eafe troubled thoughts to sigh, to sigh, or sigh your selues to death, to death, or kindle not
my griefe, or coole it with your breath, with your breath, .ii.

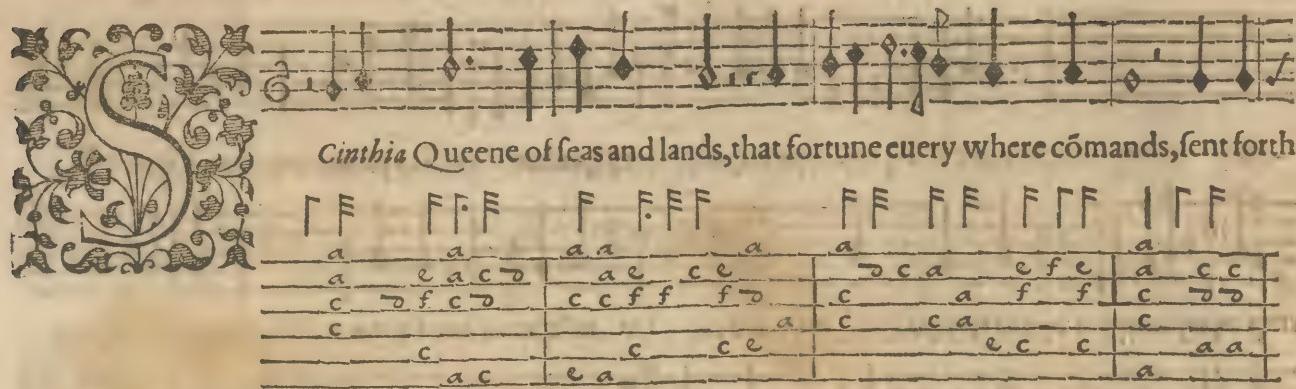
Let not that spirit which made
me liue seeke thus vntimely to depriue me of my life, vnequall strife, that breath which gaue me
being, .ii. being, should haften me to dying ii.

.ii. dying.

CANTVS.

Robert Jones.

VIII.



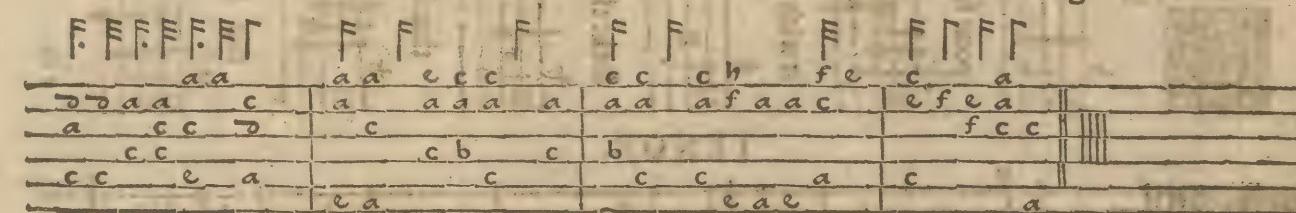
Cinthia Queene of seas and lands, that fortune euery where cōmands, sent forth

Fortune meete, which makes mee now to sing, there is no fishing to the Sea , .ii.



nor scr-

uice to a King.



All the Nymphes of *Theatis* traine
Did *Scintias* fortune entertaine
Many a Iewell, many a Iem
was to her fortune brought by them:
Her fortune sped so well,
Whiche makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the Sea,
Nor seruice to a King.

Fortune that it might be seene,
That she did serue a royall Queene,
A franke and royall hand did beare,
And cast her fauoures euery where:
Such toyes fell to my lot,,
Which makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the Sea,
Nor seruice to a King.

nor seruice, .ii. .ii. .ii. .ii. a King.

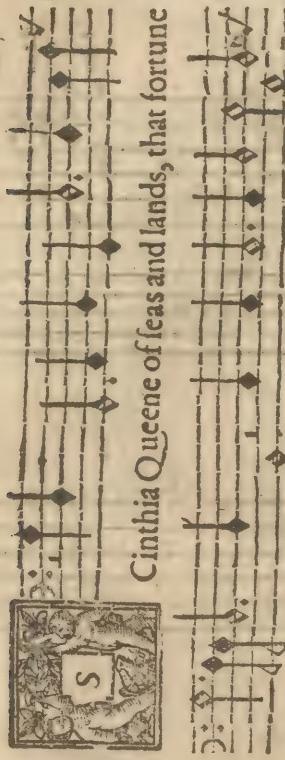
meete, which makes me now to sing, There is no fishing to the sea, .ii.

Fortune to the sea, to tric .ii. .ii. to trye her seruice, every way, there did I Fortune

Cinthia Queene of seas and lands, that Fortune commands, sent forth



BASSVS.



Cinthia Queene of seas and lands, that fortune

euery way commaundes, send forth fortune to the sea

to trye, to trye, to trye her fortune E - uery way,

there did I fortune mee, which makes mee now to

sing, there is no fishing to the sea, .ii.

nor seruice, .ii. .ii. .ii. to a King.

TENOR.



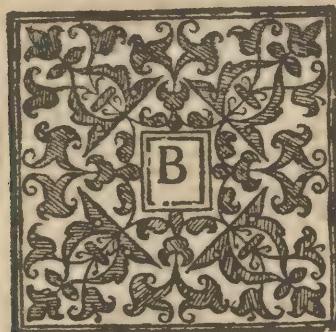
Cinthia Queene of seas and lands, that Fortune euery where commands, sent forth

Fortune to the sea, to tric, .ii. .ii. .ii. her fortune euery where, there did I Fortune mee

which makes me now to sing, to sing; there is no fishing to the sea, .ii.

nor seruice

to a King, nor seruice, .ii. .ii. to a King.



Lame not my cheekes, though pale with loue they be, the kindly
To cherish it that is dismaide by thee, who art so

heate into my heart is flowne
cruell and vnstedfast growne: For nature cald for by distressed heartes, neg-

lects, & quite for sakes the outward partes.

²
But they whose cheekes with carelesse bloud are staind,
Nurse not one sparke of loue within their hearts,
And when they wooc, they speake with passion faind.
For their fat loue lies in their outward parts:

But in their brest, where loue his Court should holde,
Poore Cupid sits, and blowes his nayles for colde.

BASSVS.



Lame not my cheekes, though pale with loue they
To cherish that which is dismaide by

bee, the kindly heate into my heart is flowne,
thee who art so cruell and vn sted fast growne.

For nature cald for by distressed heartes, neglectes,

and quite forsakes, and quite ii. forsakes the

outward parts.

TENOR.



Lame not my cheeks, though pale with loue they be, the kindly heat into my hart is flown
To cherish that which is dismaide by thee, who art so cruell and vn sted fast growne.

For nature cald for by distressed heartes, neglectes, and quite forsakes, forsakes ii.

forsakes the outward parts.

CANTVS.

1

Robert Jones,



Here is a Garden in her face, where Roses and white Lillies grow,

2 These cheries fairely do inclose
Of Orient Pearle a double rowe,
Which when her louely laughter shewes,
They looke like Rose buds fild with snowe:
Yet them no Peere nor Prince may buy,
Till chery ripe themselues do crye.

3 Her eyes like Angels watch them full,
Her browes like bended bowes do stand
Threatning with piercing shaftes to kill
All that presume with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come neare,
Till chery ripe themselves do crye.

BASSVS.



Here is a garden in her face, where roses

and white lilies grow, a heavenly Paradise is that place.

wherein these pleasant fruities doe flow, there cheris-

Lime cherries ripe, ripe, ripe, ripe, iii.

ripe, ill. cheris, ii.

civile.

TENOR.



Here is a garden in her face, where roses and white lilies grow, a heavenly Paradise, is

that place wherein these pleasant fruoutes doe flow, there cherries grow, which none can buy, till

cherie ripe, .ii.

cherie ripe ripe

ii

— + — + —

100

cherie, ii; ripe ripe

ripe themselves doe crie.
G

G



Weete loue my onely treasure, for seruice long vnfai-

ned wherein I nought haue gained, vouchsafe this little pleasure, to tell mee in what

part my Lady keepes my heart.

A handwritten musical score for a six-string instrument, likely a guitar or banjo. The score consists of two systems of music. Each system begins with a common time signature and a key signature of one sharp. The first system contains four measures, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots above the staff. The second system begins with a common time signature and a key signature of one sharp. It contains five measures, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots above the staff. The notation uses vertical stems and horizontal dashes to indicate pitch and rhythm. The first system starts with a low E string note, followed by an A string note, then two F# string notes. The second system starts with a C# string note, followed by an A string note, then two F# string notes. Measures are divided by vertical bar lines, and specific notes are marked with horizontal dashes.

2

If in her haire so slender,
Like golden nets vntwined,
Whch fire and arte haue fained:
Her thrall my hart I render
For euer to abide,
With lockes so daintie tide.

3

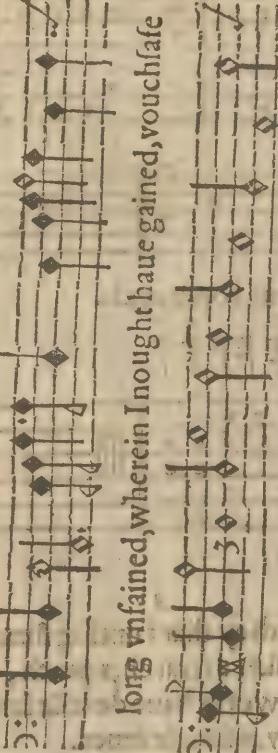
If in her eyes she bind it,
Wherin that fire was framed,
By which it is inflamed,
I dare not looke to finde it,
I openly wish it sight,
To see that pleasant light.

4
But if her brest haue dained
With kindnesse to receiue it,
I am content to leauie it,
Though death thereby were gained:
Then Lady take your owne,
That liues for you alone.

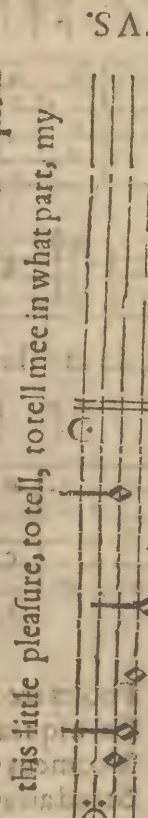
BASSVS.



Weet loue mine onely treasure, for seruice



long vnfained, wherein I nought haue gained, vouchsafe



this little pleasure, to tell, to tell mee in what part, my

Lady keepes my heart, my heart.

ALTVS.



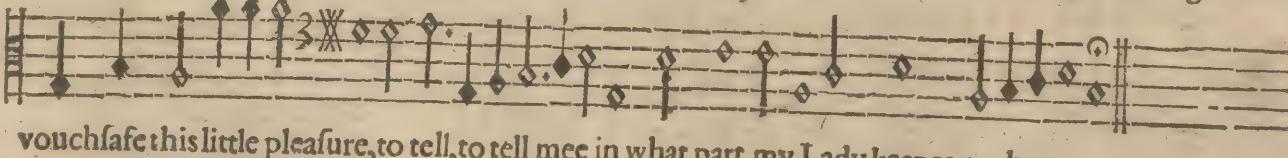
Vouchsafe this little pleasure, to tell, to tell mee in what part, my Lady keepes my heart.

Weet loue mine onely treasure, for seruice long vnfained, wherin I nought haue gained

TENOR.



Weet loue mine onely treasure, for seruice long vnfained, wherin I nought haue gained



vouchsafe this little pleasure, to tell, to tell mee in what part, my Lady keepes my heart.



Hinkſt thou Kate to put me downe with a no, or with a frowne,

since loue holds my hart in bandes, I must doe .ii. I must do as loue com-

I must doe .ii.

I must do as love com-

A handwritten musical score for a string quartet, consisting of four staves. The top staff uses F-clef and common time, with a tempo marking of 120 BPM. The bottom three staves use C-clef and common time. The score includes various dynamic markings like forte (F), piano (P), and sforzando (sf), as well as articulation marks such as accents and grace notes.

maunds I must do .ii.

I must do as loue commands.

A handwritten musical score on five staves. The first staff starts with a whole note followed by a dotted half note. The second staff begins with a half note. The third staff starts with a quarter note. The fourth staff begins with a half note. The fifth staff starts with a half note. The music consists of various note heads and rests, with some letters (a, c) written above or below the notes.

Loue commaundes the hands to dare,
When the tongue of speech is spare:
Chiefest lesson in loues Schoole
Put it in aduenture foole.

Fooles are they that fainting flinch
For a squeake, a scratch, a pinch,
Womens words haue double fense:
Stand away, a simple fence.

If thy Mistresse swere sheele crye,
Fear her not, sheele swere and lye,
Such sweet oathes no sorrowe bring
Till the pricke of conscience sting.

ii. as loue comaundes.

in bands, I must doc, .ii.

.ii.

as loue comaundes, I must do, .ii.

Hinkst thou Kate to put me downe, with a no, or with a frowne, since loue holdes my harte



ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Hinkst thou Kate to put me downe, with a no, or

with a frown since loue holds my hart in bands, I must do, .ii.

.ii. as loue, as loue comaundes, I must do .ii.

I must do as loue, as loue comaundes.

TENOR.

Hinkst thou Kate to put me downe with a no, or with a frowne, since loue holdes my

hart in bandes, I must doc, .ii.

.ii.

as loue, as loue comaundes, I must doc, .ii.

.ii.

as loue, as loue comaundes.

CANTVS.

Robert Jones.

XIII.



When wil the fountain of my teares be dry, when will my
When wil desire agree to let me dye, when will thy

A handwritten musical score for two voices. The top staff consists of two measures of common time. The first measure contains two eighth-note chords (F major) and the second measure contains two eighth-note chords (F major). The bottom staff consists of four measures of common time. The first measure contains a half note (C) followed by a quarter note (A). The second measure contains a half note (C) followed by a quarter note (A). The third measure contains a half note (C) followed by a quarter note (A). The fourth measure contains a half note (C) followed by a quarter note (A).

sighs be spent: It is not for my life I plead, since death the way to rest doth leade: but stay, stay,

Γ	Γ	ΓFF	$\Gamma F F F$	ΓFF	ΓF	F	F	Γ	F	Γ	F	$\Gamma \Gamma$
b c	aa	a c	a c	a c f c	e b	f c						
c c c .	. c a a a a c .	7 a a c	7 a a c c c c	a .	8 c	c c						
c c c :	7 c c c	a	7	a	8							
e :	c c a	c c a	c c a	c	e	a						
c c .	. a a	a	c a c	c	e e	a						

stay, stay, stay, but stay for thy consent least thou bee discontent.

For if my selfe without thy leaue I kill,
My Ghost will neuer rest,
So hath it sworne to worke thine onely will.
And holde sir ever best.

For since it only liveth by her.

For since it onely liues by thee,
Goodnesse, and thy gracie.

Good reason thou the ruler

Then giue me leaue to

And shew thy power there.

... by power thereby.

eonle[n]t, least thou be discon[n]ent.



for my life I plead, since death the way to rest doth lead, but stay, stay, iii. iii. but stay forthy

when will die - life agree to let me die, when will thy heart relent, It is not
Hen will the fountain of my tears be dry, when will my sighes be spent, when will thy heart relent,



AL TVs.

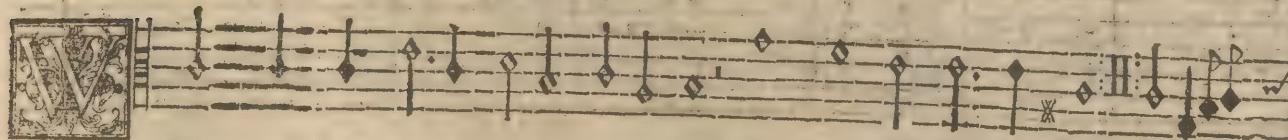
will my sighes be spent? It is not for my life I plead, since
will thy heart relent:
death the way to rest doth lead, but stay, ii. ii. ii. but
stay for thy consent, least thou be discontent.

BASSVS.



Hen will the fountaines of my teares be drye, when will de-sire
when will de-sire agree to let mee die, whe-

TENOR



When will the fountaine of my teares be drye, when will my sighes be spent; It is not
When will de-sire agree to let me die, when will thy heart relent:

for my life I plead, since death the way to rest doth lead, but stay, stay, ii. ii. ii. stay for thy consent
least thou be discontent.



Lyc, flye flye from the world O fly thou poor distrest, where

thy diseased sence infectes thy soule and wher thy thoughts do multiply vn - rest,

troubling with wishes what they straight controule O worlde, O world O worlde betrayers

of the mind O thoughts O thoughts

that guide us being blind

C.C.	accord	c d	
C	ac	c	acc c
C C		c c c	c
ee e	e	ee e	e

பெரும்பால்

Guide vs being blind, iii.

Light controls the world; it is the mind's thoughts that guide us being blind, that

reets thy soul, and where thy thoughts do multiply virtue, troubling with wilness, what chey

Lye, Flye, Flye from the world, O flye thou poor ditteret, wherefore thy ditterelde lincce in-



ALTY

distrest, where thy diseased sense infects
thy soul.

and where thy thoughts doe multiply vnest, troubling

with wishes, what they straight controulle, Controule

O world .ii. betrayers of the mind, of the minde, O

thoughts, .ii, that guide vs being blind, .ii.

TENOR



Lie, flye, O flye, O flye from the world, .iii.

where thy diseased sense infects thy

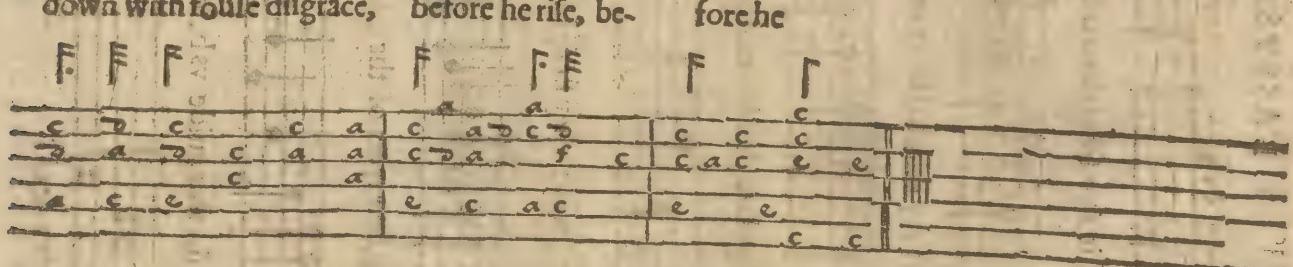
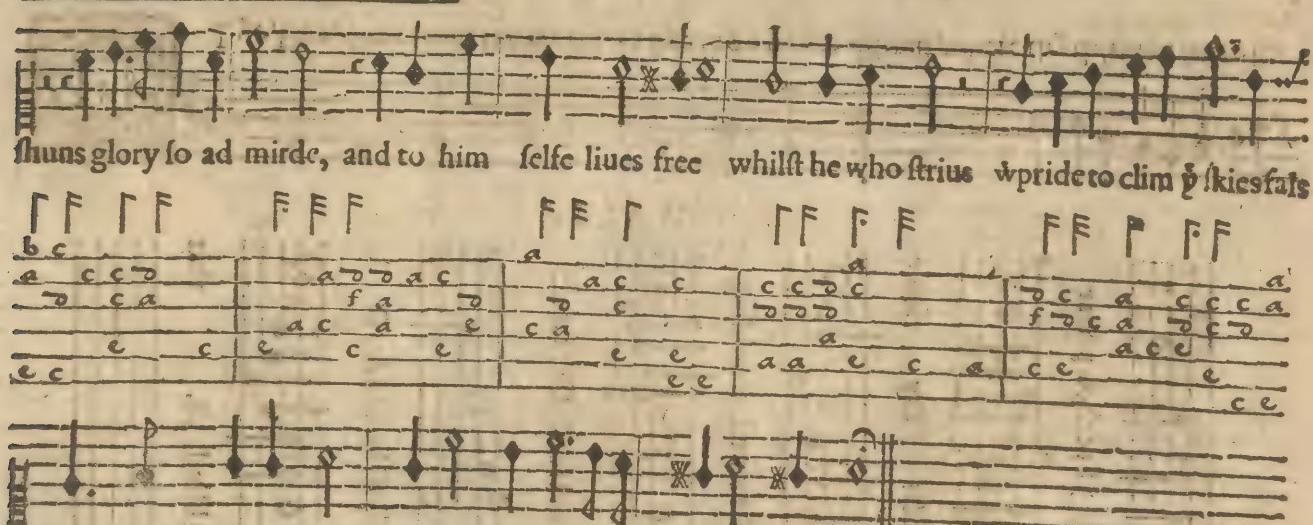
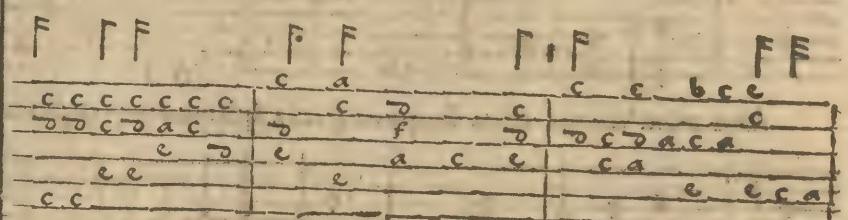
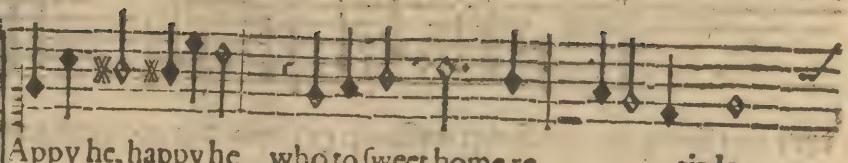
soule, infectes thy soule, and where thy thoughts doe multiply vnrest, vnrest troubling with wishes,

what they straight controule; O world, .ii. betrayers of the mind,O thoughts; .ii. that guide

vs being blind, that .ii.

being blinde, that .ii.

that guide vs being blind, being blind.



2 Let who will,
The Actiuē life command,
And all his trauels bend,
Earth with his fame to fill.
Such fame so forst, at last dyes with his death,
Which life maintaineid by others idle breath,

3 My delights
To dearest home confinde,
Shall there make good my mind:
Not Awde with fortunes spights.
High trees heaven blastes, windes shake, and honors sel,
When lowly plantes, long time in safetie dwell.

4 All I can
My worldly strife shall be
They one day, say of me,
He dyde a good old man:
On his sad soule, a heavy burden lies,
Who knowe to all, unknowne to himself dyed.

admire, and to him selfe liues free, whilist he who striues with pride to clime the skies, falleth downe

Appy he, happy he, who to sweete home retirde, shuns glory so admirde, shuns disgrace before he riseth,

with foule disgrace, before he riseth,

BASSVS.

Appy he, most happy he who to sweete home
retirde, shuns glory so admirde, and to himselfe

lives free, whilst he who striues with pride to clime the
skies, falleth downe with fowle disgrace, before he riseth,

before he riseth.

TENOR.

Appy he, happy he, who to sweete home retirde, shuns glory so admirde, and to him

selfe liues free, whilst he who striues with pride to clime the skies, with pride to clime the skies, falleth

downe with fowle disgrace before he riseth, before he riseth.

PRIMVS CANTVS.

XVI.

Robert Jones.



I sdaine that so doth fil me, hath surely sworne to kill mee, and I must

dye: Desire that still doth burne me, to life againe wil turne me, and liue must

A handwritten musical score for "The Star-Spangled Banner" on ten staves. The music consists of ten measures, each starting with a vertical bar line. The notes are represented by vertical strokes of varying heights, and rests are indicated by short horizontal dashes. The score is organized into two systems of five measures each. The first system begins with a measure of four quarter notes (FFF) followed by a measure of one eighth note (F). The second system begins with a measure of one eighth note (F) followed by a measure of four quarter notes (FFF). The vocal line includes lyrics such as "a a ca", "a aa aca", "aca", "c ccc", "ad", "c a cca", "a a a", "ca", "ce", "ca", "a", "a a a", "ce", "ca", "ce", "ca", "a", and "a". The score is written on ten staves, with some staves having multiple voices or parts.

A single staff of music on five-line staff paper. The notes are represented by diamond shapes with stems pointing up or down. Some notes have vertical stems, while others have diagonal stems. The music begins with a whole note on the first line, followed by several half notes on the second line, and then a series of quarter notes on the third line.

kill me the disdain, that I may liue againe, a- gaine, iii. liue againe

O kil me the disdaine that I may liue againe that It may liue a game.

Thy lookes are life vnto me,
And yet thy lookes vndoo me:

O death and life:

Thy smiles some rest do shew me,
Thy frownes with warre overthrow me:

O peace and strife;

Nor life, nor death is either,
Then give me both or neither.

hen glue the bottom

Life onely cannot ease me,
Death onely cannot please me,

Change is delight:

I live, that death may!

I love, that death may annex,
I love that life may fill me,

Both day and night.

Both day and night,
If once despair decay-

If once delphine decay,
Desire will weare away.

Delite will we care away

Delice will wcare awys:
 Nor life, nor death is either,
 O peace and trife:
 Thy rownes with warre octhrow me
 Thy milles some ref do me we me,
 O death and life:
 And yet thy looks vndo me:
 Life onely cannot cale me
 I lie, that death may kill me,
 Change is delighe:
 Death onely cannot pleafe me,
 Life onely cannot cale me
 I dy, that life may kill me,
 Death day and night,
 Hence decaye,
 Oonc clepate decay,
 Then gylde me bath or heichet.
 That I may lyke a saine.

3

that I may lyke a saine.
 Delicte that I may lyke againe, that I may lyke againe. O kill methen dildaine, that I may lyke againe, that I may lyke againe.
 Delicte that I may lyke againe, to life againe will turne me, and lyke myt: O kill me thenn dildaine
 idamethest lo doth kill me, hath urely worne to kill me, and I myt dyce:
 That I may lyke againe, that I may lyke againe. O kill methen dildaine, that I may lyke againe, that I may lyke againe.

SECVNDVS CANTVS.

K

PRIMVS CANTVS.

XVII.

Robert Jones.



Ow let her change & spare not since shee proues strange I

care not, Fain'd loue so bewitcht my delight, that still I doted on her sight, but she is gone

new delights embrasing, and my deserte .ii. .ii. disgrasing, but shee is gone.

is gone, new desire embracing

and my deserte, and my deserte disgracing.

2 When did I erre in blindnesse,
Or vexe her with vnkindnesse?
If my heart did attend her alone,
Why is she thus vnrimely gone?
True loue abides to the day of dying,
False loue is euer flying.

37 Thou false farewell for euer,
Once false proues faithfull neuer:
He that now so triumphes in thy loue,
Shall loone my prelent fortunes proue:
Were he as fayre as Adonis,
Faith is not had where none is.

Faith is not had, where none is.
 Whereas faire as Adonis,
 Shall soon my present fortunes procure,
 He that now so triumphs in thy love,
 Once false promises faithfully uttered,
 Thou false farcwell for ever,
 3

When did I err in blindnes
 Or vex her with vanities?
 If my heart did attend her alone,
 Why is she thus untimely gone,
 True love abides to the day of dying,
 False love is ever dying,
 2

Let me, and my decrees, and my deffrees diligencing,
 braving, and my decrees, and my deffrees diligencing, but this is gone, never defire impounding as my de
 which my delight, that still I doted on her lightly, but life is gone, is gone, new deffrees im
 1

O wretched change and parte not, since these prove strange, I care not, faid loue to be
 K

SECVNDVS CANTVS.



That falsethy flicands in graciefull dace.
 Thy frenchedip is a broken racc'd:
 And yesterlyghter is thy mind:
 Thy words and oarthes as lighe as wind,
 That ledes men to their deach by night.
 Like to rhefoolish hys I deeme,
 From whence the melancholies, they lay take lighthe,
 Thine eyas thair somas flares extreme,

painted skinne, for foolcs to lec ther faces in.

skinne, a painted skinne, for foolcs to lec ther faces in, Thy beauty is a

durt thair cornefull pride, which in thy looks I haue dileide, Thy beautie is a painted

wher er I pralde, I now deciple and thinke my loue was all to long, I recade in

Ince iut diddane, begonne to rife and crye re-uenge for ryghtheull wrong

SECVNDVS CANTVS.





How often haue my sighes declarde my anguish,
Wherin I daily languish,
yet doth she still procure it,
Hart, let her go, for I cannot endure it,
Say, shall shee go,
O, no; no, no, no, no.
Shee gaue the wound, and shee alone must cure it.

3 The trickling tears, that down my cheeks haue flowed
my loue hath often shewed:
yet still vnkind I proue her,
Hart let her goe, for nought I do can moue her
Say, shall she go,
O no, no, no, no, no,
Though me she hate, I cannot chuse but loue her.



SECVNDVS CANTVS.

4 But shall I still a true affection beare her,
Which prayers, sighes, teares do shew her?
And shall she still disdaine me?
Heart let her goe, if they no grace can gaine me,
Say, shall she goe?

O no, no, no, no:
She made me hers, and hers she will retaine me. Fixt in the heart, how can the heart forget her?

5 But if the loue that hath, and stil doth burne me
No loue at length returne me:
Out of my thoughts Ile set her:
Hart let her goe, O, heart I pray thee let her,
Say, shall she goe?
O no, no, no, no:
Fixt in the heart, how can the heart forget her?

6 But if I weepe and sigh, and often wayle me,
Till teares, sighes, prayers faile me,
Shall yet my loue perseuer?
Heart let her goe, if she will right thee neuert
Say, shall she goe?
O no, no, no, no, no:
Tears, sighes, prayers faile, but true loue lasteth euer.



If haue I muz'd the cause to finde, why loue, why loue in

Ladies eyes shuld dwel, I thought because him

selfe was blinde hee loopt, hee loopt

xx. that they shuld guide him wel, And sure his hope but seldome failes, for loue by

F	G	-	FF	FF	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	
c a c c a	c a c c a		a c	c a	a c a	c a c a	a	c a	c a	c a	c a	
s c a a c	s a a a		c d c	d c c	a c a c c a	d	d c	c				
	a c d a c		a a a d	d		a	a c d f d d c					
b c	a c c		a	c e b	c e b	c		a				
c e e	f		c c c	c		c		c c e				
	a		c	c		c		c				

Ladies eyes preuails, And sure his hope but seldom failes: For loue by Ladies

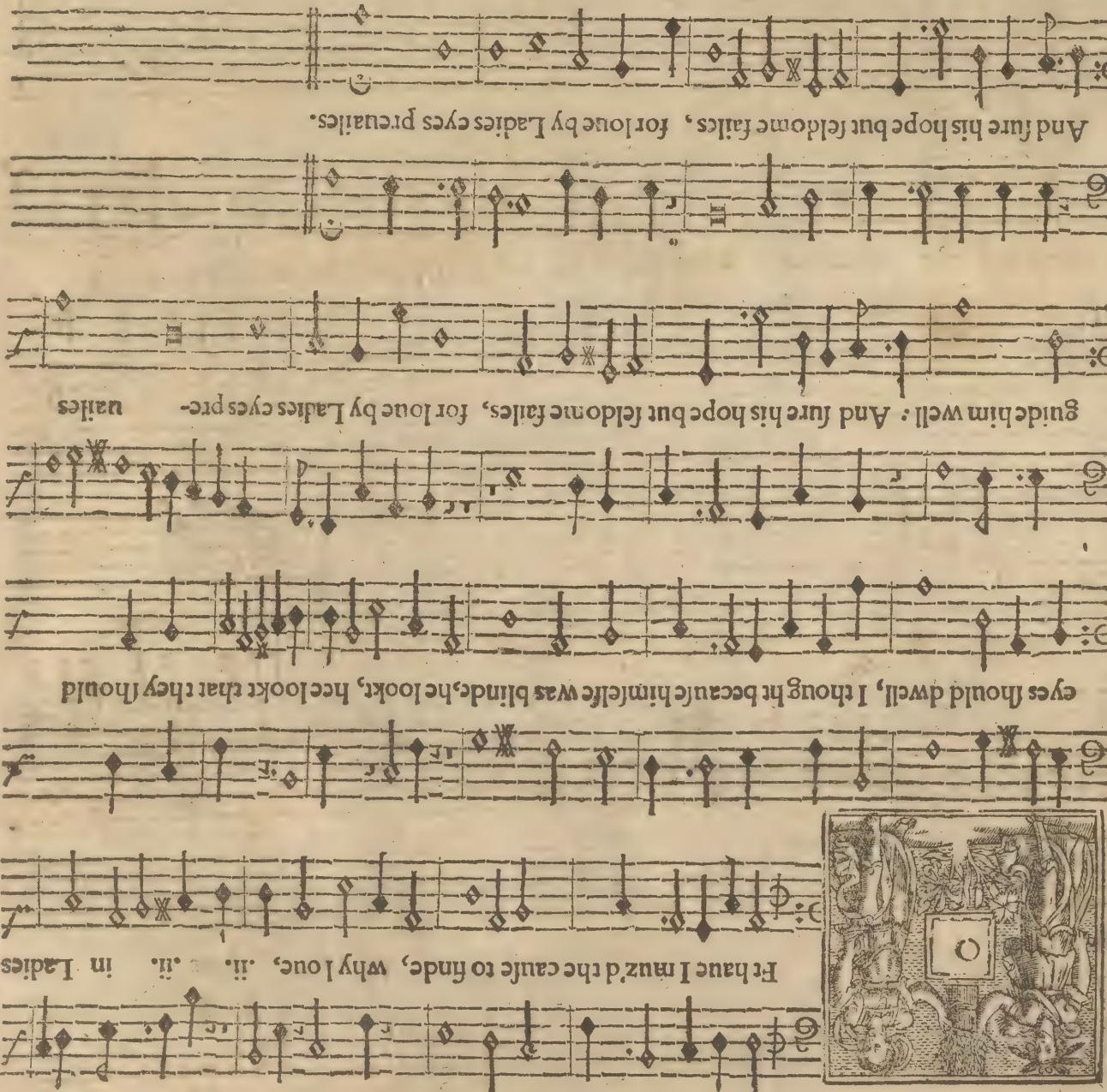
eyes pre- uailles.

A page of handwritten musical notation on four-line staff paper. The notation consists of vertical stems with horizontal dashes above them, representing eighth-note patterns. The first measure has two stems with dashes. The second measure has three stems with dashes. The third measure has two stems with dashes. The fourth measure has one stem with a dash. The fifth measure has two stems with dashes. The sixth measure has one stem with a dash. The seventh measure has two stems with dashes. The eighth measure has one stem with a dash. The ninth measure has two stems with dashes. The tenth measure has one stem with a dash. The eleventh measure has two stems with dashes. The twelfth measure has one stem with a dash. The thirteenth measure has two stems with dashes. The fourteenth measure has one stem with a dash. The fifteenth measure has two stems with dashes. The sixteenth measure has one stem with a dash. The十七th measure has two stems with dashes. The eighteenth measure has one stem with a dash. The nineteenth measure has two stems with dashes. The twentieth measure has one stem with a dash.

2 But time at last hath caught me wit,
Although I bought my wit full deare:
For by her eyes my heart is hit,
Deepe is the wound, though none appeare,
Their glancing beames, as darter he throwes,
And sure he hath no shaftes but those.

3 I muz'd to see their eyes so bright,
And little thought they had beeene fire.
I gaz'd vpon them with delight,
But that delight hath bred desire:
What better place can loue require,
Then that where growe both shaftes and fire.

Then that where grove both shades and fire,
 Where better place can love require,
 But that delight hath bred desire,
 I laid upon them which desire,
 And little thought they had become fire,
 3 I must to see their eyes so bright,
 2 But time art hath taught me wits,
 Although I sought my will declare:
 For her eyes my heart is hit,
 Deep is the wound, though none appare,
 Their glancing becomes, as darres he threwe,
 And iure his hope but felonie falleis, for loue by Ladies cyces preualies.
 And iure his hope but felonie falleis, for loue by Ladies cyces preualies.
 guidethim well: And iure his hope but felonie falleis, for loue by Ladies cyces preualies
 eyes shoulde dwelle, I thought because him selfe was blinde, he looked that they shoulde



Et haec I muste to finde, why loue, iii. iii. in Ladies
 eyes shoulde dwelle, I thought because him selfe was blinde, he looked that they shoulde

guidethim well: And iure his hope but felonie falleis, for loue by Ladies cyces preualies
 guidethim well: And iure his hope but felonie falleis, for loue by Ladies cyces preualies
 guidethim well: And iure his hope but felonie falleis, for loue by Ladies cyces preualies
 guidethim well: And iure his hope but felonie falleis, for loue by Ladies cyces preualies
 guidethim well: And iure his hope but felonie falleis, for loue by Ladies cyces preualies

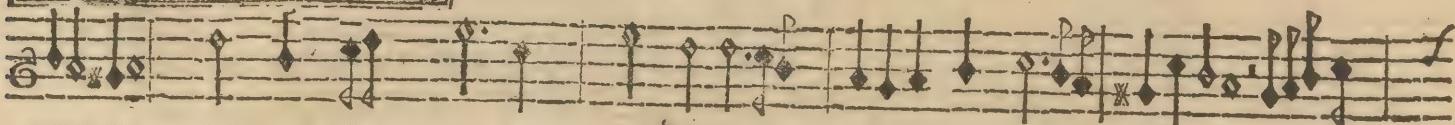
SECUNDVS CANTVS.

M



Ow haue I leaard with much adoo at last by true disdaine to

F F F F F F F
 a a a a a a a
 a a a a a a a
 c d c a d a d c
 a a a a a a a
 a a a a a a a
 a a a a a a a



kill desire: this was the marke at which I shot, so fast vnto this height I did aspire, proud

F G | F F F F F F F
 c a a a a a a
 c c c a a a a
 c c e c d c a a
 e c a a a a a a
 c a a a a a a a



loue . ii.

proud loue now do thy worst & spare not for thee

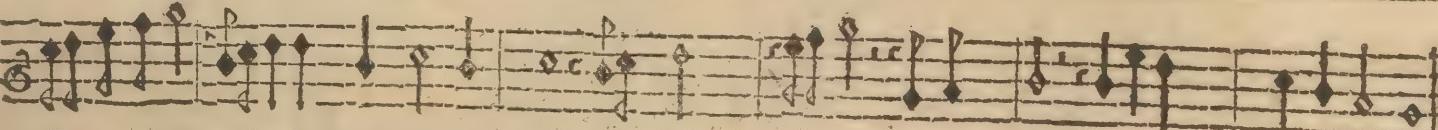
F F F F F F F
 a c e f h a c c c a c c
 a f a c a c a c a c
 c a a a a a a a a a
 a a c c a c c c c c
 a a c c a c c c c c



for thee for thee & all thy shaftes I care not: proud loue,

proud loue

F F F F F F F
 e a c a a a a a
 c e a a a a a a
 e a e a e a e a
 e e a e a e a e
 a a c c a c c c



iii. now do thy worst & spare not: for thee, iii. ii. and all thy shaftes I care not.

F F F F F F F
 e a c e a c c a a
 e c a c a c a c
 e a c a c a c a
 e c c e a c a c
 e a a c e a c a

2 What hast thou left wherewith to moue my minde?
 What life to quicken dead desire?
 I count thy words and oathes as light as winde,
 I feele no heate in all thy fire.
 Go change thy bow and get a stronger,
 Go breake thy shaftes and buy thee longer.

3 In vainē thou baist thy hooke with beauties blaze,
 In vainē thy wanton eyes allure,
 These are but toyes for them that loue to gaze,
 I know what harme thy lookes procure:
 Some strange conceit must be deuis'd,
 Or thou and all thy skill despis'd.

FINIS.

FINIS

What hast thou left wherewith to moue thy mind,
In vaine thou barreth thy booke which beauties blazc
What life to quicken dead deirc:
In vaine thy warren cyes allute:
I count thy words and artches as light as wind,
These are but toyces for them that loue to gaze,
I know what harme thy looks procure,
Some frangce concerte must be deuidc,
Or thou and all thy skill defilde,
Goe breake thy halfe, and buytche longer.

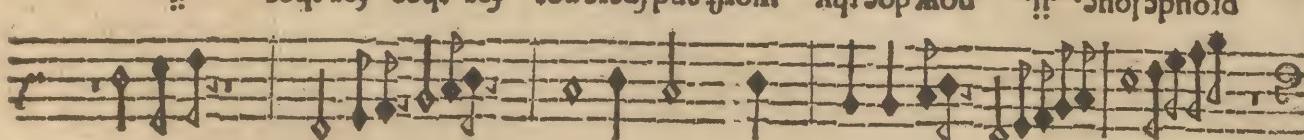
not for these, iii. iii. and all thy halfe I care not.



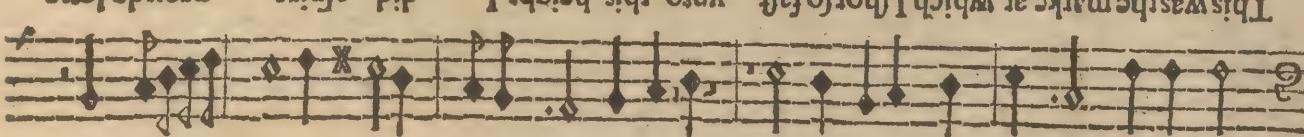
and all thy halfe I care not proude loue iii.
proudé loue now do thy wort & parte



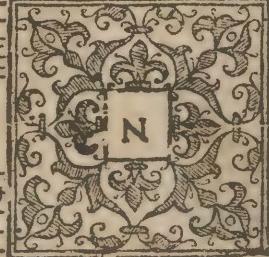
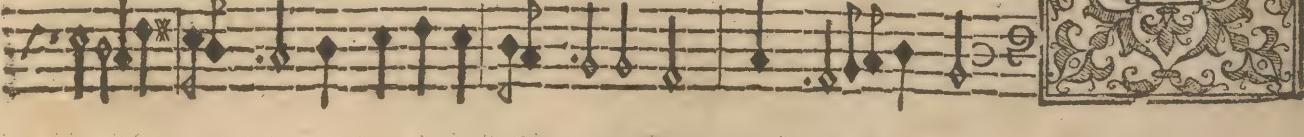
proudé loue, iii. now do thy wort and parte not for these, iii.



This was che mire ac whiche I mire lo fale unto this heighe I did alfrece proudé loue



Ow haue I learned, with much a doc at laft, by truce dilldaimc to kill deiture



SECVNDVS CANTVS.

